

THE

MAGAZINE

# Elks

JUNE, 1940



# On to HOUSTON!



The General Sam Houston Monument at the entrance to Hermann Park in Houston

**A** GLANCE at the past and present:

In 1900, Houston was a normally expanding little city of 40,000 persons. Port Arthur, 100 miles to the east, was a bustling little port of 765 souls.

One chilly morning—January 10, 1901—a wildcat oil well sunk by Anthony Lucas at Spindletop exploded with a roar heard in Port Arthur, ten miles to the south. A solid column of crude oil shot 200 feet skyward. That was the shove-off.

Today Houston has an estimated 500,000 persons—second largest city in the South. Other cities grew with rates almost as staggering. Houston, Beaumont and Port Arthur, in that order, were listed behind New York in 1928 as the country's leading ports in tonnage handled. When Houston decided to enter the shipping business whole-heartedly, the fact that it was perched on arid plains country 50 miles inland was no deterrent.

At a cost of \$25,000,000, the trick of converting Houston into a port was achieved simply by deepening and widening the big ditch that meandered toward the Gulf of Mexico under the names of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River. Port Houston is only 25 years old, but last year handled 28,000,000 tons valued at more than \$625,000,000. The port was the first to export 1,000,000 bales of cotton this season.

Oil men figure half the population of Houston is dependent to some degree upon the oil industry for its livelihood. Sixty-one percent of all the petroleum in the United States flows to Houston tidewater terminals and refineries representing \$2,000,000 a day in new wealth.

This is the place to which you are going for the 76th Grand Lodge Reunion. Houston has done its best to make this a most memorable gathering.

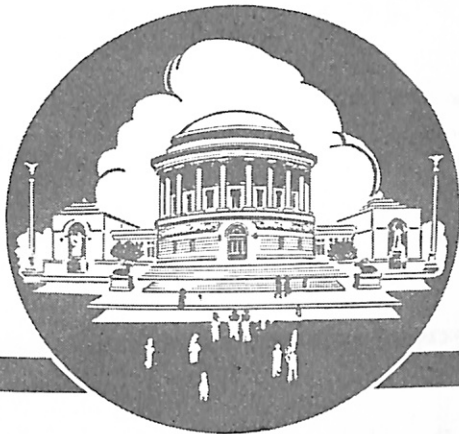
Texas is a State noted for its cordiality and warm friendship and when the curtain falls on the 1940 Grand Lodge Convention it is predicted Elldom will have experienced something a bit different in the way of conventions. This year's Convention is designed to interest the great throng of patriotic American men that makes up the rank-and-file of Elldom. A mammoth, old-time Southern barbecue is one of the events that will remain long in your memory.

Texas is not a "stuffed shirt" State. Texans enjoy life and they want the Elks to enjoy themselves while in Texas. No matter what your favorite recreation might be, you will find it in Texas: golf, swimming, fishing, riding, tennis and even horseshoe-pitching.

Take your "easy" clothes; relax and play. Don't let the "heat" bugaboo scare you away from attending the 1940 Convention. Houston and Galveston thrive in the summer. Sure, it gets warm, but it's the kind of heat you can enjoy. The healthiest people in all these United States can be found in Texas. A fine, southeast breeze off the Gulf of Mexico prevails.

Wear light clothes; wear comfortable things: linens, seersuckers, Palm Beaches and sport outfits. If your wardrobe is short, you will find many fine stores stocked with the latest styles in everything.

Texas is a thousand miles across, east and west, north and south. Include San Antonio, Dallas and Fort Worth in your program. Plan to visit the famous sulphur mines and oil fields. Do some deep-sea fishing, climb a mountain or two. Enjoy the famous Texas sea foods and soak up some good old Texas sunshine, and go home tanned and vigorous from the Lone Star State.



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JUNE 1940

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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## THIS MONTH We Present—

THIS month we are running one of the largest Antler sections in the history of the Magazine. All the lodges have been particularly active recently and we've been hard-pressed to accommodate the mass of interesting items and pictures that have accumulated in the editorial offices. Also, the Grand Exalted Ruler has hopped about like the proverbial jumping bean. He seems to be everywhere at once, and we've only just managed to catch up with him on pages 18 to 21 of this issue.

We don't know about the rest of you, but this Department is readying up for a knock-out time in Houston in July. We are assured that it won't be hot, and anyway, if it is we can get in the ocean. Don't fail to notice Houston's announcement on our inside cover.

Murdo Morrison, the co-author (with Marjory Stoneman Douglas) of "*Three Lives*", is a well known sportsman and polo player. We understand this is his second collaboration with Mrs. Douglas. Mrs. D. has a background of wide newspaper experience. Her father, Colonel Stoneman, owned the *Miami Herald* until recently and Mrs. D. was at one time the paper's Associate Editor. During the last war she was with the Red Cross publicity unit in Europe. She has written successfully for most of the better magazines in recent years.

"*No More Glory*", by George Seldes is the low-down on war corresponding from the Spanish-American War to the present one. Mr. Seldes is well known in his field. After attending Harvard he worked for a Pittsburgh newspaper and then the *Chicago Tribune*. He was a correspondent in the last war and for many years thereafter, and he says he'll probably get to the front in this one. His book, "History of the Vatican", is probably his best known work, although "Now It Can Be Told" and "You Can't Print That", both exposés of European politics, were best sellers.

Stanley Frank starts a two-part story of Al Schacht, the funniest, craziest, shrewdest figure in baseball—and, incidentally, the best money-drawer. He has filled more ball parks than Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio put together—and for a good deal longer, too. His is a story that needs to be told.

Kiley Taylor takes us on a round of the nation's national parks and suggests some fine vacation spots for all of us.

Don't miss the winners of the Elks National Travel Contest which are announced on page 14. Here's hoping you'll find your name there. The rest of our group are with us again: Harry Hansen, Ed Faust and Ray Trullinger, with their usual entertaining articles. J. B. S.



LARRY MACPHAIL  
President,  
Brooklyn  
Dodgers

## "Seagram's Crowns *are* Mellow"

SAYS

*Larry MacPhail*

*Larry MacPhail* popular and successful president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, compared Seagram's Crowns of today with the Crowns of 1934. He said: "Your present Crowns are even smoother and mellow than the famous Crowns of 1934"... the identical whiskies which became America's largest sellers shortly after Repeal.



*Bill Corum* sports columnist, compared Seagram's 5 Crown of 1934 with the 5 Crown of today. His opinion: "The whiskey you made in '34 was mild and smooth... but your present 5 Crown is even superior."

*Bert Lahr* star of "Du Barry Was a Lady", tried today's Seagram's 7 Crown first... and then tasted the 7 Crown of 1934. He said: "Your 7 Crown of '34 tasted fine, but the present 7 Crown is certainly smoother."

**Seagram's**  
CROWN BLENDED WHISKIES  
*"America's Finest"*

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.  
Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.  
Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Executive Offices: New York, N. Y.

# No more Glory

by George Seldes

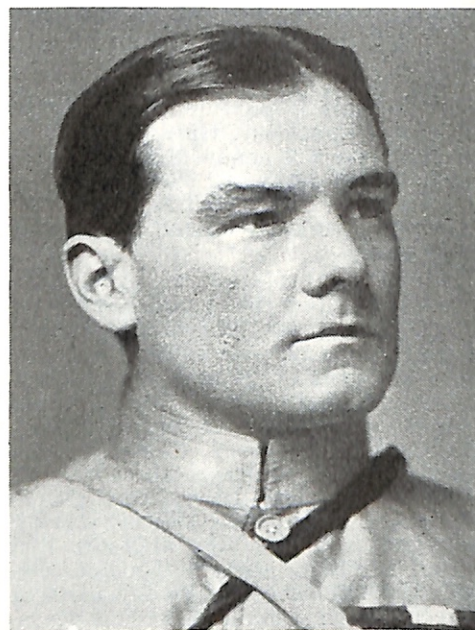


*Time*  
This is Jim Marshall of *Collier's Weekly* taking it easy in Shanghai after he was seriously wounded in the *Panay* incident in which the Japs bombed the United States gunboat *Panay*, creating an international incident.



*Wide World*  
Kaiser Wilhelm (center), now in another battlefield, conferring over war maps at the German General Headquarters with Field Marshal Von Hindenburg (left) and Ludendorff during the last World War.

The glorious days when correspondents like Richard Harding Davis led cavalry charges and were the idols of a nation are swallowed up forever in the terrible modern "blitzkrieg".



*Culver*  
Richard Harding Davis, the first of the war correspondents and for Americans the beau ideal.

WHEN I joined General Pershing's G-2-D, the press corps of the American Army in France, the great, gorgeous, glamorous, roaring and romantic tradition of the war correspondent danced like a spectre on our typewriter keys, and the heroes of the Cuban adventure, who had made the words "war correspondent" rhyme with romance and adventure, were not only guiding us in the spirit but in the slightly too much flesh.

In the two decades between the first and second great European struggles, it was my job to cover a dozen wars and uprisings, the latest of which was Spain in 1937. I have watched the changes in the methods of waging war, and also the changes in reporting war. The world press is full of the former story; wars have changed, whole populations are involved, great capitals are evacuated, new air and sea inventions are used, "impregnable" lines are built, and even war diplomacy is different—but nothing is said about the war correspondent.

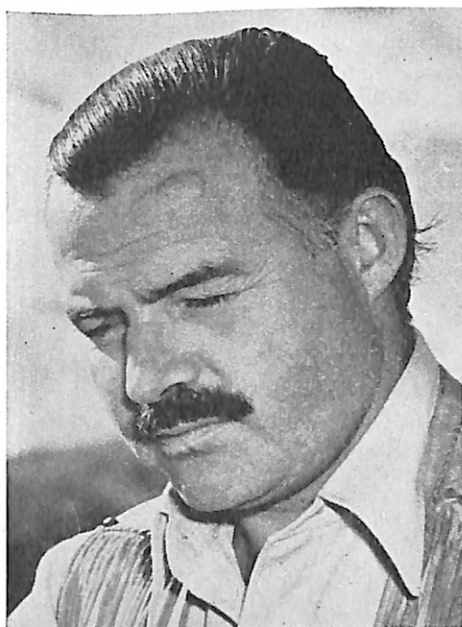
The veterans of Cuba whom I knew talked of prancing steeds; how they galumphed up mountainsides and captured fortresses; how they

scooped the world and walked on roses. In my own time it was largely a matter of pluck and luck, of mud and blood, much plodding and some great adventure. And again in Spain, which was not a "totalitarian" war employing masses of new weapons such as the Germans used on their march to Warsaw, there was nevertheless a warning to us that the great day of the war correspondent was over. Many correspondents were killed and wounded. One well-placed bomb could have ended the activities

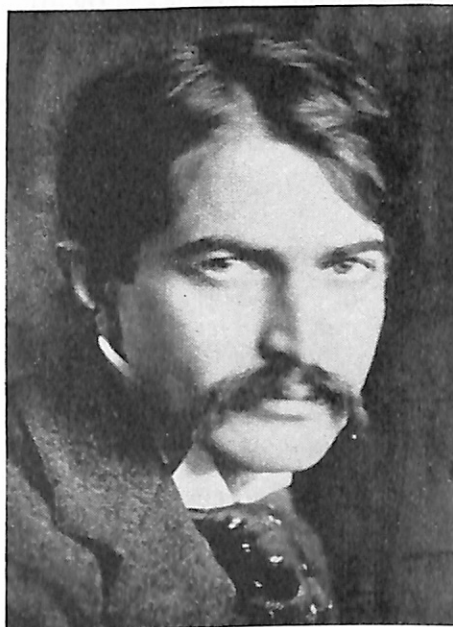
he could easily have been a matinee idol. Through his personality and the colorfulness of his writing, war became as glamorous as a love legend. His reputation was made when he covered the war in Manchuria, but this was all preparation for that all-time, All-American field day which the writing boys found in the war in Cuba. If you will go back and read the despatches from that conflict, you will feel that the soldiers and generals were mere backdrops on a whirling stage on which all the

the only pair of field glasses in the outfit, the army proving in this as in many other ways that the pen is mightier than the sword. He peers and he sees and he cries in a subdued voice, "Ah-h! Colonel Roosevelt, look at this!" The Lt.-Col. looks and sees the Spaniards on the ridge. He lifts his sword, he bellows an order, and the battle of Las Guasimas has begun, the first of three engagements which practically won the war for us.

The first correspondent shot in that war was Edward Marshall and



*Wide World*  
Ernest Hemingway, author and correspondent lived through terrible days at the Hotel Florida, in Madrid.



*Wide World*  
Stephen Crane, with many others, fought against Hearst's monopoly on the Spanish-American war.



*Wide World*  
Another Collier's correspondent, Martha Gellhorn, took her chances with the rest in the oft-bombed Hotel Florida.

of the score of journalists living in the Hotel Florida, and it was just a happy accident we got out alive. And now, looking at the new war from a quiet Connecticut farmhouse, listening to the radio talks of my former colleagues now speaking from Berlin, London and Paris, and reading the despatches of old friends and a whole new generation of war correspondents, all I can think of is what is commonly called the good old days of the Richard Harding Davis era; my own time when the Davis tradition became mixed with the mud and blood of the trenches, and the Second European War, when the war correspondent is more to be pitied than envied. If I had a son I'd rather see him in the trenches than the press corps.

The historian can probably make out a good case for Julius Caesar as being the first war correspondent, he being an astute general who took no chances on a bad press, and wrote his own despatches; but for Americans the beau ideal for all time was Richard Harding Davis.

Not only was Richard Harding Davis an excellent writer, but he was one of the handsomest men who ever lived. If he hadn't been a journalist

principals were newspapermen.

It was Richard Harding Davis who started the actual fighting; it was Davis who repeatedly scooped the world; it was Davis who put magic into the letters "T.R." and helped create an American President; it was Davis who so fully convinced the world that the correspondents were the original Rover Boys, that a dozen succeeding wars have not been able to alter it.

We behold our hero first as he rides by the side of Colonel Leonard Wood at the head of the Rough Riders. Behind them, in a secondary position, comes the lieutenant-colonel, one Theodore Roosevelt. They are on their way to Santiago and know almost nothing about the lay of the land. They don't know where they are and they can't find the enemy. It is nervous business. Scouts go off and return without finding the Spaniards. Finally Colonel Wood for ten minutes rummages around the underbrush, hoping to surprise the wily Iberians. No good. He sees nothing; he hears nothing.

But at this juncture Richard Harding Davis wheels into action. He lifts his field glasses and peers over the landscape. It happens that he has



*Wide World*  
The late Webb Miller in the uniform of the United Press just before he sailed from London to report the present war.

it is undeniably true that the adventures of Marshall and James Creelman were more heroic than those of Dick Davis, but neither of them had the glamor appeal of Davis, who ended as the third American idol of that minor conflict, being led in popularity only by Teddy Roosevelt and Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac* at Santiago.

WORKED for Ed Marshall from 1917 to 1919, as a member of the press section of the American Army in France—G-2-D, G.H.Q., A.E.F., Advanced Section. He was modest, retiring, studious and as much unlike the stage conception of a war correspondent as Dick Davis was the prototype. He was a realist and his descriptions of war were the opposite of Davis'. Here's a sample of his simple, direct, forceful style:

"Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight  
along the Wabash  
From the field there comes the  
breath of new-mown hay.  
Through the sycamore the candle-  
lights are gleaming  
On the banks of the Wabash, far  
away."

It was great stuff. Crane and the others cabled Marshall's story of Las Guasimas to their papers, added about the operation by Gorgas and ended with the tale of the new-mown hay mixed with the smell of ether. Marshall came out of it with one leg missing, Paul Dresser's "On the Banks of the Wabash" became the State song of Indiana and Teddy Roosevelt became President.

But if Marshall was gallant, James Creelman was both brave and foolhardy. At El Caney, Creelman was

my newspaper." The French were to say of the courageous American doughboys twenty years later, "The Germans fight for the Fatherland, the French fight for La Gloire, the Americans fight for souvenirs." Mr. Creelman wanted a souvenir for the *New York Journal*.

El Caney surrendered to Creelman. But where was the souvenir? It was gone. A shell had shot it from the blockhouse and buried it on the Spanish side of the hill, where Creelman spied it sticking out of the debris. He therefore turned over his prisoners to the regular army and went for the flag. He got it, waved it aloft and the Americans cheered. The Spaniards, not so pleased, proceeded to pump at Creelman with Mauser rifle fire. They got him in the arm and back, the Americans rescued him and carried him



Acme

The landing in Cuba in '98. Volunteers are shown here splashing ashore from the boats on to the sandy beach in Cuba. Notice the officer on the barge.



Acme

William Randolph Hearst with whom almost everybody is familiar.

"I saw many men shot. Everyone went down in a slump, without cries, without jumping into the air, without throwing up their hands. They just went down like clods in the grass. Bullets which are billeted, so far as I know from experience, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly, to their mark. I did not hear the bullet shriek that killed Hamilton Fish, I did not hear the bullets shriek that struck many others who were wounded while I was near them, I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me. . . ."

When Marshall was shot in the spine and right leg, Stephen Crane and several others carried him five miles to a dressing station, where an unknown doctor named Gorgas (later to be the hero of the Panama Canal) probed for the bullets by candlelight. As Marshall was coming to he began to sing a song:

standing talking with General Chaffee in full view of the enemy. Bullets pinged about. One of them ripped a button from the general's chest. Another tore the cape from Creelman's raincoat. From the top of El Caney fluttered a Spanish flag. Creelman had been brought up on Napoleonic stories. He wanted something big, like Balacava or Cemetery Ridge. When Captain Haskell came over, Creelman was hot with excitement.

"How about a bayonet charge?" he demanded. "I'll lead it!"

So up the hill they went, Creelman in the van waving his revolver. After him came General Chaffee shouting, "For your country, boys!"

And even as he was running, Creelman was asking himself the motive for all his bravery and admitting the truth to himself, "There was the Spanish flag, a glorious prize for

off, bloody but satisfied, the battle-stained flag draped over his stretcher.

When he opened his eyes at the dressing station, there was his boss, William Randolph Hearst, kneeling by his side, begging for the story. With revolver in his belt, a straw hat with a bright ribbon on his head, notebook in hand, Hearst took down the story while bullets zinged overhead. Creelman, between gasps of pain, dictated the story (the show must go on); Hearst eagerly copied it and then said, "I'm sorry you're hurt, but—" his face radiant with enthusiasm—"wasn't it a splendid fight? We must beat every paper in the world."

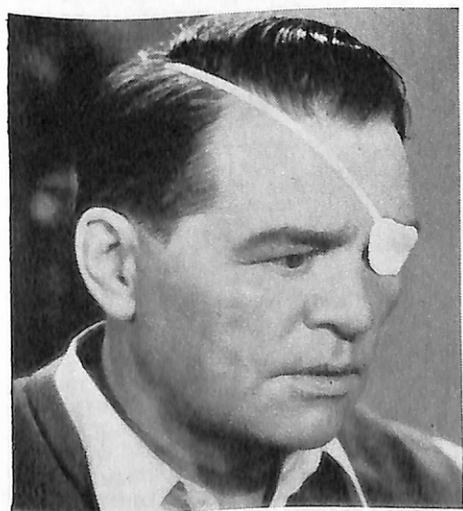
He mounted his charger, waved his hat and departed with his prize amid a hail of bullets. Getting to the sea, he chartered a small boat and finally landed in Jamaica, where the world-shaking tale was cabled.



Harry Hansen of your Magazine, has had his share of corresponding.



Damon Runyon, correspondent, author, and humorist with his wife.

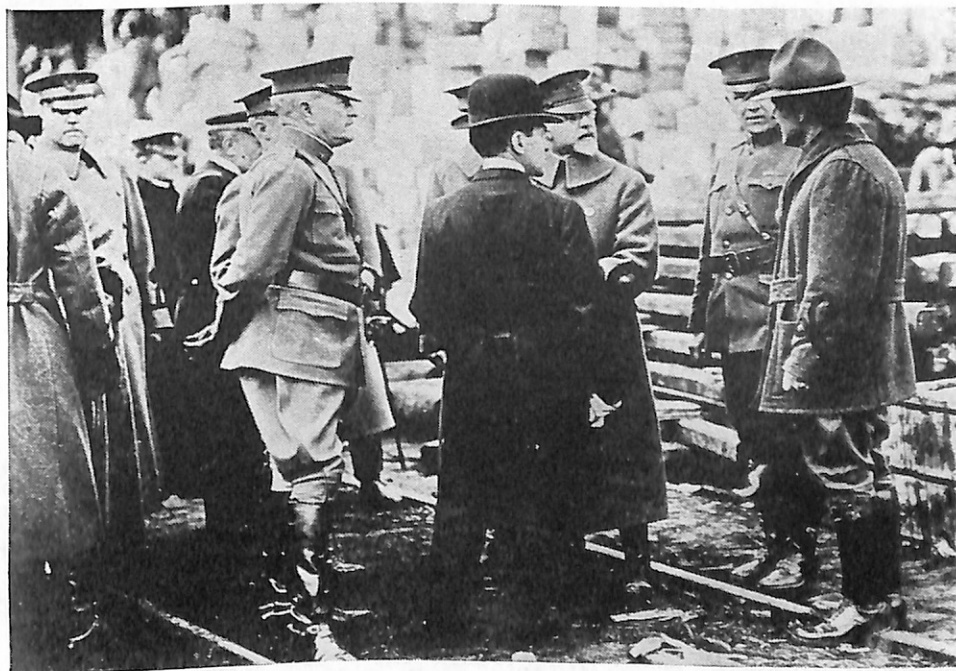


Floyd Gibbons, probably the best known of all the correspondents.

It was almost a private war for Hearst. In addition to the flag of El Caney, he got the flag of the Merrimac and the flag of the Eastern Department of Cuba, the latter as a gift from General Garcia, Cuban leader. He also got the gilded coat of arms of Spain, torn from the front of the palace at Santiago. It was even better for him in the famous battle where Cervera's wooden squadron was sunk by the American fleet. Hearst's boat, the *Sylvia*, was so anxious to be in the thick of things that the *U.S.S. Gloucester* had to send a shot across its bow to keep it back. Twenty-six officers and men from one of Cervera's ships got to land in a small boat. Immediately, Hearst and his correspondents gave chase. Brandishing his revolver, Hearst leaped into the surf and commanded the surrender of the unfor-

off the wall. Scovell climbed down, marched into the plaza where Shafter was receiving the homage of the liberated Cubans and took a punch at the general's nose. For that he was ordered jailed, but there being no jail in town, a more ironic punishment was invented. Scovell was placed on a pedestal from which a Spanish statue had been shot, and forced to stand there all afternoon.

The famous correspondents had everything from field glasses to yachts, they knew everything, they had behind them the prestige of great newspapers which boasted that they had started the war and wanted full credit for winning it. The generals and heroes who stood in well with the correspondents got the front page, but those like General Shafter and General Nelson A. Miles, who antagonized the press, got a pretty



France—General Pershing (left), Secretary of War Newton D. Baker (back to camera and party, conversing with officers "somewhere in France."

fortunate survivors. He herded the captives into his launch, hoisted the signal, "We have prisoners for the fleet", and sailed up the line, while the American warships saluted, men and officers cheered and Hearst delivered his prisoners to the admiral. What a story it made!

The *World* and *Herald* also had their men there and it was a great contest between trained seals, with Stephen Crane, Alfred Henry Lewis, Julian Hawthorne, Ralph D. Paine, Frederick Remington and Frank Norris all battling for supremacy. But the peak was reached when Sylvester Scovell of the *World*, perceiving that General Shafter was too fat to climb the government palace at Santiago to be photographed raising the American flag on the Spanish flagstaff, proceeded to take the General's place. Shafter stopped the ceremonies and ordered Scovell pried

raw deal. The correspondents not only reported battles but suggested battles. They led attacks, they sat in on staff conferences, they published plans for battles so that not only the excited American public but the Spaniards as well knew what was coming. In the Puerto Rican campaign, General Miles, after reading his plan of campaign in the papers, did not follow it out, caught the Spaniards off-guard and defeated them.

When the World War started, many of the trained seals were still active and felt that this was to be another field day for them. Richard Harding Davis wrote his famous story of the entrance of the German army into Brussels; Captain Granville Fortesque scooped the world with his despatch proving that two automobile loads of German officers

(Continued on page 37)

by **Harry Hansen**

### Novels Worth Reading

**N**OVELS of the hour . . . and what a lot of them! The authors seem to be running to historical fiction, except for such stories with social and political implications as Richard Wright's "Native Son". That novel of a Negro lad who goes haywire and kills two people, is the storm center of discussion these days, because many readers resent the implication that the white race was responsible, even in a general way, for the way this lad turned out. . . . Next to "Native Son" people seem to find Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle" most exciting, while "How Green Was My Valley" by Richard Llewellyn passes into the hands of many readers who enjoy this satisfying life-story of a lad in a mining town in Wales.

Of the new novels Louis Zara's "This Land Is Ours" deals with the fortunes of the Bentons, chiefly John Benton, the father, and Andrew, the son, from the days of Braddock's defeat to the massacre at Fort Dearborn. The family moves into the Western Reserve and Andrew plays a part at Detroit in the days of Pontiac and Kaskaskia, during the arrival of George Rogers Clark, and lives happily with an Indian girl and marries a white woman. A real, satisfying novel about American history, giving quite a slice of it, and well written. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75). James Street's "Oh, Promised Land", on the other hand, deals with southern territory, from Georgia to Mississippi, just after the American Revolution, when the Natchez Trace was a difficult road. The two chief characters are Sam Dabney, valiant and honest fighter, and his unscrupulous sister Honoria, and they manage to make a great many things happen. The treatment of the blacks during this period of slavery throws a vivid light on antebellum society. (Dial Press, \$3)

Stories about life on American sailing ships have a fascination for many readers. The latest is "From Off Island", by Dionis Coffin Riggs, which is also the story of how a capable young woman from Australia won over her hard-bitten New England mother-in-law by force of character. If it were not for the invented dialogue this would not be called a novel, for actually it is the story of the author's grandmother. Mary Carlin was born in Sydney, N. S. W., and married James Freeman Cleaveland, a Yankee ship master, in Honolulu. Then she had to face the austere mother of her husband, for Mary was "off island", a term applied by all residents of Martha's Vineyard to outsiders. What happened in that household is the burden of this book, in which the husband of the author has had a hand. Mrs. Riggs is a cousin of



Osa Johnson, wife of the late Martin Johnson, whose book, "I Married Adventure," certainly proves it.

## WHAT AMERICA IS

# Reading

"This Is On Me", by Katharine Brush, shows again her complete understanding of New York and what makes the old town tick, rattle and whirl around.



Robert P. Tristram Coffin, who also writes stories about the old ship captains. (Whittlesey House, \$2.75)

Very different is Lion Feuchtwanger's novel about German emigrants in Paris, "Paris Gazette". Mr. Feuchtwanger is himself an exile from his homeland, knowing intimately the cross currents of opinion

and feeling among the other Germans in Paris. But he is also an accomplished novelist and that makes his book a superior novel among current publications. He deals with the attempts of the Nazi agents to wreck a newspaper in Paris. The men and women associated with that news-

(Continued on page 48)



## Screwball Saga



by Stanley Frank

**Beginning a two-part tale of the nuttiest, whackiest, screwball in organized baseball, Al Schacht, who's so crazy he gets paid for it.**

THE first and only time Al Schacht got into a major-league ball park without resorting to screwball skullduggery was when he was born in left field of the Yankee Stadium. Only the Stadium wasn't there in 1894. Since then, the wonderful whack, whose constitutional weakness for gags befouled his own pitching pretensions, has been endeavoring to lead the sublimated existence of an honest-to-George baseball star by premeditated madness. And he has succeeded so famously that he has performed in more ball parks and has induced more customers to lay four-bits or a buck-ten on the line than any ball player in America.

In twenty years of school, sandlot, semi-pro and professional baseball, Schacht never got an extra-base hit, or was close to same. But he is a better draw at the box office than Joe DiMaggio, who is in a dreadful slump if he collects nothing more than a couple of measly singles a

game. The clients turn out to see DiMaggio, of course, but his supporting cast, the Yankees, help attract the trade, too. About 600,000 lovers of low comedy will see Schacht's one-man road show in 120 towns this season, and at least a half-million will have been in the house only because our diligent daffydil was advertised for a half-hour of clowning and genuinely artistic pantomime in slow-motion before the game.

Schacht's pitching career in the

American League resulted in exactly a dozen victories for Washington. With characteristic candor he admits his most notable achievement was retiring the side without getting killed, and one of his prouder boasts is that he threw the first home-run hit by Lou Gehrig in organized baseball.

Yet he will make more money this year than Bob Feller, Charley Ruffing, Bucky Walters or any other pitcher in the business. His country-wide tour will gross more than \$30,000, the clinching proof that mathematics is an exact science. He has multiplied his income five times over since he decided to quit his \$6000-a-year coaching job with the Red Sox in 1936 and commercialize the comedy routine he practically gave away for fifteen years. This is just as it should be, for a personal appearance by Schacht is a Grade A guarantee that attendance will increase five-fold at any (Continued on page 46)

**The storm taught each of the three a separate thing. O'Connor found what he wanted, Nurse Stanton learned humility while Nason—well, read on.**

**by Marjory Stoneman Douglas and  
Murdo Morrison**

I SERGEANT NASON

AS FAR as Sergeant Nason was concerned the war in Vladivostok was going on perfectly well until the moment when his friend, Private, recently reduced, Sergeant O'Connor, had the nerve to bring that American nurse Edith Stanton to dinner with them at the Bag of Nails his first night out of hospital. That changed everything.

Nason had been sitting waiting for O'Connor over a glass of honey-brown Siberian beer, the top button of his tunic unloosed, a man at peace with himself and his man's world, his day's duty well and truly done and no emergency or hazard imaginable for the morrow which, as sergeant in charge of Canadian Military Police, he was not authorized and competent to handle. There was no place for women in his peace.

It was enough to have on his mind the jurisdiction he shared with Czech and Chinese authorities over

age had flung like refuse to this last seacoast, packed everywhere in verminous hovels, shacks, box-cars, even caves in the hills, were this evening getting on with their dying, of cold and starvation and hopelessness and every sort of Asiatic disease, fairly quietly. If the internal politics of the city, governed by the valiant Czechs, boiled with secret revolutionary activity against the incompetent, graft-ridden old Russian regime and its Cossacks, it was no concern of his.

He sat quiet, therefore quiet-eyed, slighter and trimmer than many of the strapping Allied soldiers about him, but keener than they, with that air of unassailable authority. Tomorrow would be time enough for tomorrow's affairs. He was no buck private to waste energy or imagination on homesickness, doubts or long-drawn barrack arguments.

And then he looked up and saw Edith Stanton standing by the door of the smoky, candlelit, noisy cafe

# 3 Lives

this filthy, tumultuous Siberian city that rose on its peninsula, tier on shabby tier, up cobbled streets from the wharves and the bitter ice-bound waters of Amur Bay, to the barren mountains of the mainland. At the moment no sailors from Allied shipping, Chinese junks or disreputable neutral tramps rioted in waterfront wineshops. The well-fed Allied soldiery, the French, British, American, Chinese, Czech, Canadians and locust-swarmed Japanese, were, at this hour, completely in hand. Because of Nason's efficiency, no man in uniform was sneaking into the notorious, restricted district of Koppeck Hill. Even the refugees, the miserable thousands which a continent ravaged by war and revolution and counter-revolution and brigand-

and everything went to pieces. She had pulled her cap off her smooth, light hair. The ivory of her thin face was faintly tinted with the freezing cold. Her grey eyes, that had seen too many deaths, were eager and excited and her mouth, a little worn with too much vigil, was girlish, half-smiling. Even in her clumsy coat she looked little against O'Connor's bulk behind her. Nason scowled suddenly at the grin in the wild Irishman's black and white and blue-eyed face. He had a consummate gall to invite her out. Nason had seen her plenty of times in the hospital, without especial notice. But now his queer flare of anger was for her, too. Had she forgotten how that Russian woman who had shot O'Connor with his own revolver, got him

court-martialed and reduced in rank, had sat hour after hour by his bed, staring at him with her dark, mournful, brooding eyes? Sergeant Nason got up slowly as they came toward him among the noisy tables, watching them with his eyes narrowed and his jaw a little tighter. He heard the girl's light laugh, saw the excited glance upward. She looked as if she'd fallen for O'Connor, hard.

Nason nodded briefly, without speaking, as they sat down with him. He didn't like it, and he didn't care if they saw it in his face. O'Connor was his closest friend. He'd seen two years' trench fighting in France and





had re-enlisted as an interpreter for the Siberian expedition because he had learned Russian among the Canadian Dhoukhobors.

They had bunked together on the transport coming over. The Irishman was older than Nason—tough, experienced, gallant, a fine companion. Secretly, Nason admired him enormously. He'd taken to the Siberian life like a duck to water, even talking of getting his discharge and staying over here, gold-prospecting in the interior. Nason had no idea how much he had become involved with the Russian woman. All women fell for him. But this was too

much. Nason's curious anger veered back to him again. He had no business playing around with this nice girl, this innocent, whom the crazy Americans had let come over here, to an unknown, dangerous wilderness. Nason buttoned his collar, jerked his tunic straight, and sat staring into his beer, not listening to them, aware only that the peace and satisfaction and rightness of his ordered world was incomprehensibly shattered.

He would not stay with them a minute longer than he had to. He allowed his eyes to rest on the delicacy of her face only for brief,

She would be there among the blackened timbers lifting her huge eyes defiantly to him as she crouched among the dead men.

cold moments, maintaining his official reserve in the face of O'Connor's exuberant talk and his own quiet laughter. He ate silently, shutting his mind from any concern with her. Certainly she was old enough and experienced enough to know better than to smile like that at O'Connor. However, it was, after all, no business of his. He had enough on his mind not to start thinking about women, he told himself.

He got to his feet as soon as he

could after they had eaten, muttering something about his night patrol, his lean young face locked. O'Connor's eyes mocked him in the candlelight. Nason bowed grimly to the girl and went out into the black cold of the streets, suddenly hating the whole business. He was a soldier and a policeman and the last thing in the world he wanted was any such queer inner disturbance.

He clattered doggedly at the head of his mounted patrol, down crowded ill-lit streets, up stinking alleys, glancing at figures that might have been dead men huddled in doorways, ignoring a Cossack fight howling out of a wineshop, glancing with that brief look that saw everything at ragged, husky-voiced women and starving dogs that did not even look up from the gutters, as if they had long ago learned that even begging was no use, and rode with relief up to the Canadian camp, the barracks in the fields beyond the city, over the crusted old snow glimmering in the starlight under the icy wind.

He lay rolled up in his blankets on his plank bed trying to shut the whole thing from his mind. Especially that eager look in her face.

HE did not speak to O'Connor. He would forget it, he told himself, riding down to headquarters in the blue, crisp, deceptive, Siberian morning. He had no business interfering in a private matter, and there was a full day's work ahead of him. So that he was in no way prepared for the curious shock he felt when he met Edith Stanton outside the door of the American Commissary. In the cold, clear light her face leaped at him vividly, in the crowd, as if he knew by heart every line of it.

"Want me to get you some cigarettes?" she said to him smiling. "You know ours are better than yours. What made you dash off so soon, last night?"

He said curtly, standing between her and a clattering push, in the narrow streets, of a loaded troop of Mongolian horses, that there was a crowd.

There was no coquetry in her direct, questioning look. He jerked his eyes away. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about?" he asked formally. If it was anything about O'Connor, what could he, in decency, tell her?

"These refugees," she said. "I can't bear it. So much frightful misery—the disease—the hunger. I went up last week to one of those caves and saw women and babies in the most dreadful conditions. It isn't right we should be here with all this food, and do nothing for them."

"You keep away from there," he said to her, violently, staring down into her face. "You do enough, you women. You oughtn't to be here anyway. Nobody but Americans would. How can you help these people? There's too many of them."

"But we ought to do what we can," she said wildly. There were actually

tears in her eyes. "All you men talk alike, you and O'Connor. And you don't even know what you're here for—the British out there fighting, the Americans sending thousands of dollars' worth of supplies and keeping the railway open, why, they don't know. The war is over and done with months ago—it's just a mess. I've been taking up a collection. I want to take some canned milk up there, for the babies, and some—"

"Look, Edith," Nason said to her desperately. "You're not to go near the refugees. With all that disease,

and desperation—" Her arm, in his grip, was as thin as a bird's bone. She was too little—he thought confusedly—she was too helpless, against all the agony of this place. She ought to be home, with somebody taking care of her.

"You forget I'm a nurse," she said simply. The crowd on the slimy sidewalk jostled her close to him. Against the vague passing faces, bearded, soldierly, haggard, guarded, hopeless; Russian faces, yellow Asiatic faces, staring eyes, gaunt jaws; her own looked up at him, fine cut,



appealing. And the anger, the worry, the disturbance, whatever it was that had shattered his composure last night, turned inward in him, a thin pain working against his ribs.

"You've got to forget it," he said between his teeth. "I forbid you to go to the caves again, especially alone. This is an order, Edith."

Her eyes darkened and widened in a real defiance. "Sergeant Nason," she said. "You forget. You have no jurisdiction over me."

He meant to say, harshly, that he had full authority over every person in the Allied forces. But she turned and walked away from him into the Commissary without another word, leaving him helpless. He saluted a passing Staff officer with crisp automatism and turned on his heel. It served him right for bothering with women. He washed his hands of her. It was all crazy.

HE went morosely back to barracks, after morning court, pulling up his coat collar against a changing, howling wind, in the sudden greying of the light. A few snowflakes as hard as sand blew in his face. He had a long report to make out and shut himself with relief into his office, divided from the long dark sleeping place by a rough board partition. He shut out from his awareness the noise of men coming in from duty, the rumble of long-winded barrack arguments. It grew very dark and an orderly brought him a candle. He had no idea how late it was, therefore, when a messenger from the hospital came in abruptly, beating thick snow from his coat, and still breathless, as if he had been running.

A nurse was missing from the nurses' house. And there was a blizzard making. It was her afternoon off and they thought she'd gone up hill alone. She should have been back before this. Nason stared at him as

if he could not hear the words distinctly. When he stood up he felt the man's stare, as if his face had mocked suddenly, or grown old. "Stanton," he said once, and walked away, not waiting for the man to nod.

He stood for a minute by the sand-packed barrack stove, fighting down a retching spasm of fear. It was the first time in his life he had ever felt it and it was not for himself. He stared down the smoky darkness, where the few candles picked out the still or moving shadows of the men. When he could speak, his words cut like a whiplash over the rumbling male drone of voices. He wanted a volunteer. An American nurse was lost, uphill, in the blizzard. Edith Stanton.

Three men answered his call and he watched them, by their plank beds, soberly lacing up boot-high, elk-hide moccasins over heavy woolen stockings, pulling lambswool-lined corduroy coats over flannel-lined uniforms, adjusting snow goggles over fur helmets that would cover their ears and jaws. But he was not thinking of them.

O'CONNOR was lying on his plank-bed half-way down the shadowy space. He had not moved. And in Nason something hot and excited leaped, burning away all memory of his fear. If O'Connor did not get up, that meant he couldn't take it. That would show her. Or he didn't care. But she cared.

The remembered look in her eyes, turned to O'Connor's brilliant face, burned in him. He'd make him go, if he had to drag him up. He was fit enough, or he wouldn't have been discharged from hospital. Nason waited another long minute, his jaws aching with constraint. He hated him. He was his best friend, the finest companion he'd ever had. Damn it, he couldn't let her down now.

Then O'Connor heaved himself up,

stood, with a sketched salute and reached for his coat. All the air went out of Nason's tight lungs in a lazy sigh and he turned for his own gear. Naturally, he was going himself. He said, "As you were, men. I'll take O'Connor."

They stood for a last warm moment by the stove and Nason looked at O'Connor, weighing the strength, the resource, the staying power of this man against that shrieking, steely cold outside. He snatched his thoughts away from a quick vision of that face of Edith Stanton's, lost and frightened and alone in that snow. That wouldn't do. He must keep his head clear. He must never lose for a moment every detail of those exposed slopes where she must have been caught, the few miles that a man could cover in less than an hour's walk on a bright day. There was an old bath house, a mile off the path and roughly two miles from the stables, beyond the ravine where they threw the dead frozen horses.

"Let's go," he said.

He spoke curtly. Whatever happened, they must keep together, never letting go. They would work uphill into the wind, toward the old stables, first. Then to the bath house. They must find her, wherever she was—out in the open—under a drift—O'Connor's eyes met his gravely and his heart leaped. O'Connor was all right.

BEHIND their clumping feet the barracks were silent. He opened the door, glancing at the thermometer. It was fifty below. He walked out into the shocking impact of the wind and cold. The whirling snow was a solid wall. He reached for and gripped a hand of the man behind him as he had planned. Waited until they stood linked and handfast, ghostly, half-seen shapes already in the dizzy, grey-blind light. Then

(Continued on page 34)



Illustrated by  
GEORGE HOWE

O'Connor's eyes were open  
staring blankly upward. His  
lips said, "Natasha—  
Where . . ."

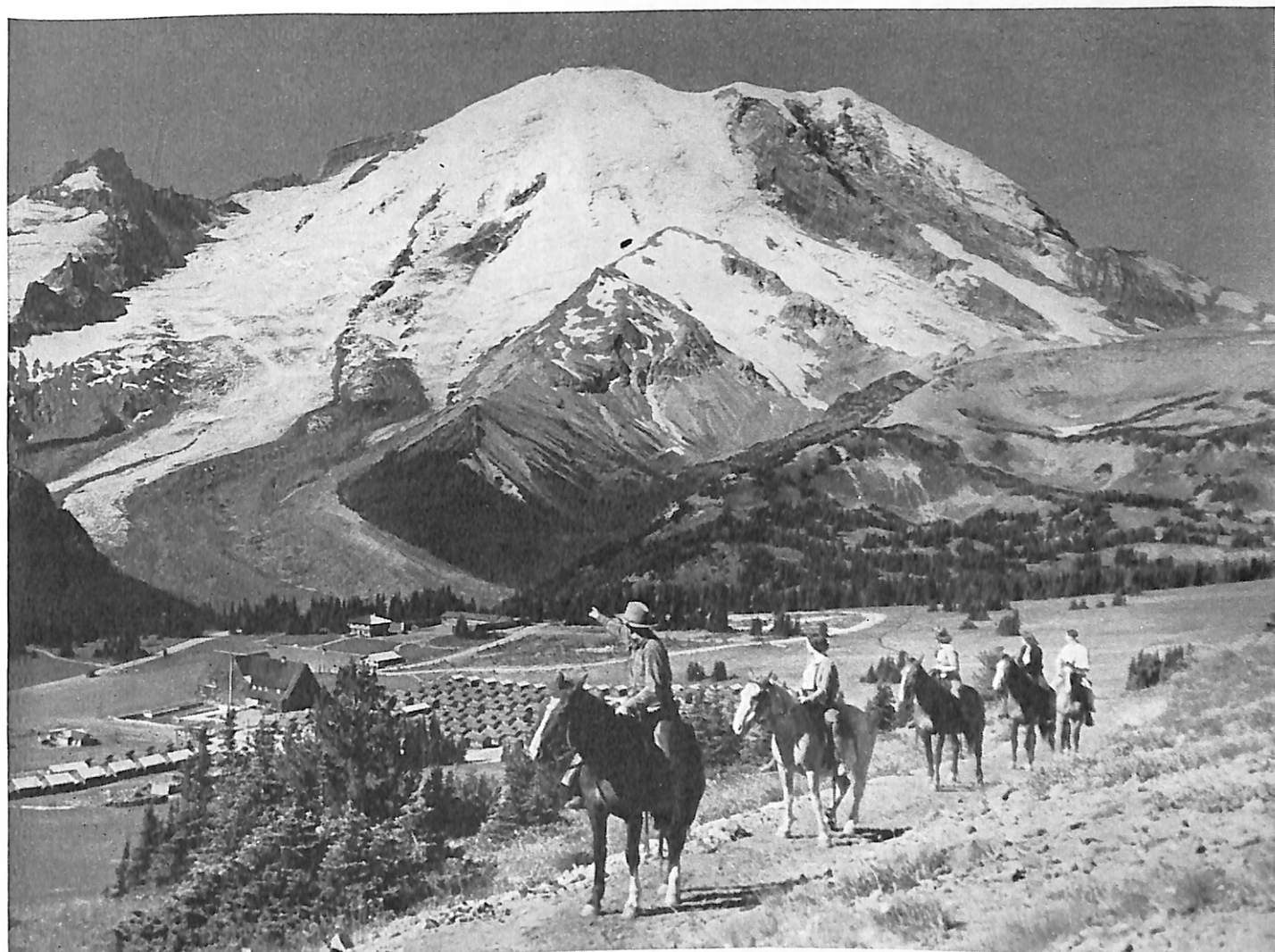
# Here Are the ELKS MAGAZINE Travel Contest Winners

HERE, at last, is the news you've been waiting for! The 61 Prize Winners in The Elks Magazine TRAVEL CONTEST are listed below. 5444 entries were received, and of this total, only 45% were received from Elks. 29% came from Members' Wives and the remaining 26% were submitted by members of an Elk's family.

A breakdown of the entries provides some interesting data as to how Elks travel for their vacations. 56.8% of you use your own Automobile, while 18.6% vacation by Train. Steamship vacations were reported by 15% of the contest entries, 5.4% went by Bus and 4.2% of the entries reported a flying vacation by Plane.

The complete list of prize winners is as follows.—Where the prize winner is not an Elk, we have shown his or her relationship to an Elk. The Elks Magazine congratulates the winners and extends thanks to all of you who entered this Contest.

AIRPLANE			Lodge No.		Lodge No.	
Mrs. James S. Scofield						
Pierce, Idaho	896	Wife		Miss Shirley Ray King	1427	Daughter
Mrs. A. G. Mott				P. O. Box 234, Monrovia, California		
3700 College Avenue, Sacramento, Calif.	6	Mother		Aaron Dudley	1415	Member
Miss Mary June Reed				10754 Osgood Avenue, Lynwood, California		
2809 Dillon Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming	1353	Daughter		Earl E. James	417	Member
A. J. Peil				824 N.W. 35th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.		
50 North Munn Avenue, East Orange, N. J.	630	Member				
George A. Hildenberger				BUS		
1059 Delaware Avenue, Bethlehem, Penna.	191	Member		Mrs. Joseph G. McCarthy	878	Wife
Benjamin Roman				4217 Judge Street, Elmhurst, New York		
225 W. Diamond Avenue, Hazleton, Penna.	200	Member		Mrs. M. V. Wright	1022	Daughter
Joseph Kobylarz				427 S. Bruner Street, Hinsdale, Illinois		
46 Wood Street, Garfield, New Jersey	387	Member		Frank T. McKnight	17	Member
Thomas F. Moore				Route 1, Box 58, Arvin, California		
103 Concord Street, Waterbury, Conn.	265	Member				
Miss Ida A. Krause				STEAMSHIP		
4022 Eighth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin	750	Sister		William R. Fairgrieve	1350	Member
Miss Mary E. Crocker				17308 Riverway Drive, Lakewood, Ohio		
Unadilla, New York	1312	Daughter		Miss Frances Smith	1417	Daughter
H. M. Seidler				Box 56, Woodburn, Indiana		
B.P.O.E. No. 92, Seattle, Washington	92	Member		Mrs. Carrington Marshall	114	Wife
Albert F. Zangerle				1015 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio		
2720 M Street, Sacramento, California	6	Member		Miss Mildred Black	614	Daughter
John G. Sommer				Route 2, Box 326, Salinas, California		
1237 Potomac Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland	378	Member		Miss Alice May Youngen	705	Daughter
Frank W. Smith				706 Garfield Avenue, Aurora, Illinois		
52 Park Street, Somerville, Massachusetts	799	Member		Mrs. A. M. Goehring	708	Niece
Mrs. Walter A. Kropp				305 Grand Central Avenue, Tampa, Florida		
520 West Third Street, Albany, Oregon	359	Wife				
Herbert T. Randall				TRAIN		
55 North "E" Street, Hamilton, Ohio	93	Member		Mrs. Grace I. Carroll	771	Sister
Charles J. Belden				53 Highland Terrace, Middletown, Conn.		
Pitchfork, Wyoming	1611	Member		Pat Hurley	804	Member
Fred N. Reno				Fort Collins, Colorado		
410 Burlington Road, Forest Hills, Penna.	577	Member		Mrs. Joseph Adams	15	Wife
Frederic A. Kibbe				2104 First Street N.W., Washington, D.C.		
P. O. Box 136, Coldwater, Michigan	1023	Member		William McCullough	492	Member
Mrs. P. J. Brady				Ouray, Colorado		
Box 4089 Village Station, Los Angeles, Calif.	99	Wife		Miss Edith K. Estilow	996	Daughter
				212 E. Broad Street, Burlington, N. J.		
AUTOMOBILE				Mrs. Grover C. Shoemaker	436	Wife
Reuben G. Thoreen				120 Market Street, Bloomsburg, Penna.		
Stillwater, Minnesota	179	Member		James H. Power	243	Member
Harold J. Wilson				16 Preston Street, Worcester, Massachusetts		
306 Tama Building, Burlington, Iowa	84	Member		Miss Matilda M. Leibold	5	Sister
Miss Marie C. Peterson				1652 Dauner Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio		
106 N. Trenton Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.	276	Daughter		Jacob J. Ulman	878	Member
Mrs. Paul R. Beck				8619 115th Street, Richmond Hill, New York		
1103 Leonard Avenue, Oceanside, California	1561	Wife		Earl B. Burkart	57	Member
Morris A. Spooner				291 Lexington Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wis.		
515 First Federal Bldg., St. Petersburg, Fla.	1224	Member		Bernard E. Carbin	117	Member
Frank E. Colehour				30 Pemberton Square, Boston, Massachusetts		
304 Royal Avenue, Rockford, Illinois	64	Member		Miss Edith Thomas	1116	Daughter
Jerome S. Friedman				951 Pine Street, Negaunee, Michigan		
5036 Gainor Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	2	Member		Mrs. John H. Vanselow	500	Wife
William E. Godfrey				Route No. 1, Valparaiso, Indiana		
703 East Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia	45	Member		Mrs. Edward P. Frechling	93	Wife
Lee G. Seethaler				223 Ross Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio		
1020 Market Street, West Bridgewater, Pa.	283	Member		Mrs. Harry Lindley	186	Wife
Mrs. G. Edward Blixt				103 West 22nd Street, Olympia, Washington		
631 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida	85	Daughter		Miss Elva Dittman	34	Daughter
H. E. Weisel				21549 Edison Street, Dearborn, Michigan		
Box 109, Albion, Idaho	1384	Member		Miss Eleanor Bernheim	978	Daughter
Lee Miller				906 East Beach, Gulfport, Mississippi		
Nezperce, Idaho	896	Member				



Northern Pacific Railway

The guide points out Emmons Glacier, the largest glacier in the United States, as this horseback party climbs the trail above Sunrise Lodge on the eastern side of colossal Mt. Rainier, in the State of Washington.

# Brother, Go West!

by Kiley Taylor

VACATIONERS who plan to spend their holiday west of the Mississippi this summer might, blind-folded, choose the right vacation spot from the map. Between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast lie most of the national parks, in which practically every vacation desire can be more than satisfied. The parks, of interest historically, or because of some phenomenon of nature, belong to all Americans, and their gates bear banners of welcome.

Nearest to the great river are the Hot Springs of Arkansas. Hot Springs is the most venerable of the parks for, although it was not until about twenty years ago that it was created a national park, as long ago as 1832 it became a reservation by act of Congress. Congress farsight-

edly took this course that there might not be exploitation of the springs, believed to possess healing properties.

Lying among the Ouachita Mountains, Hot Springs has a favorable climate all year, and even the heat of Arkansas summers is gentled by the surrounding hills and forests.

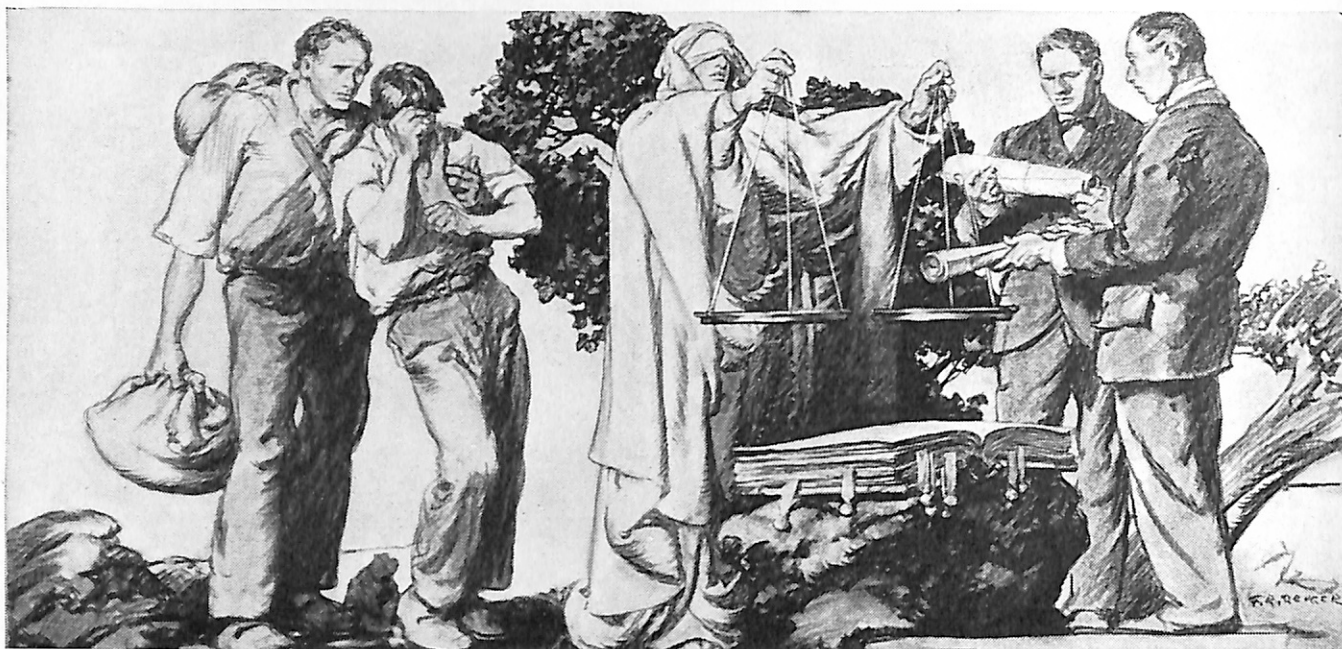
For some travelers, however, it may be that the West and the holiday begin in Colorado. Enterprisingly, Colorado has developed fine new motor roads, nearly four thousand miles of them, which lead to every corner of the State.

Here, across the stony heart of the Rockies, sprawls Rocky Mountain National Park. A trip through Thompson Canyon, Estes Pass and up to the Continental Divide, pre-

sents in startling contrast still lakes, secluded glens veiled in the fragile sweetness of wild roses and columbine, and the wilderness ruggedness of craggy mountains. Magnificent is the broad panorama from the Continental Divide, with its view of the Never Summer Range and the Medicine Bow. From the crest of the Divide the road slips down past gorges and forests, and quick little streams where there is some of the best fishing in the country.

A turn to the north and a goodly trek will bring travelers to impressive Yellowstone, mostly in the north-western corner of Wyoming. Yellowstone is perhaps the most famous of the national parks. Over its gateway is the hospitable message, "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People", an inscription which might fittingly mark the entrance to every national park.

The natural wonders of this region of glacier origin can scarcely be exaggerated—awe-inspiring, almost fearsome as they are. Old Faithful naturally (Continued on page 44)



Drawings by F. R. Gruger

# Editorial

## A Few of the Editor's Problems

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has established itself as the outstanding fraternal publication in the United States. By some it is criticized for devoting so much space to the activities of subordinate lodges, while others complain because it does not devote more space to such items. It is with the latter we are most concerned and we desire to call their attention to a few facts which will, we hope, when rightly considered and appraised, soften their complaints.

Our Order embraces almost fifteen hundred lodges. Each observes certain days with special ceremonials, all of which are deserving of recognition by reproduction of photographs and the publication of short articles. Most cuts require a two-column spread, some more. A two-column cut takes up at least two and one-half inches or five inches of column space. Three inches of reading matter make really a short notice and that with the cut makes about eight inches of column space. Now count the columns in your Magazine and see how many lodges on this basis can be accommodated in each issue.

In addition to this consider the days designated for special observance, such as Flag Day, Memorial Sunday, the election and installation of officers, Thanksgiving and Christmas, and special events such as Americanization Week, Safety Week, etc., etc., as are sure to be designated from time to time for observance by each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler. If you have correctly calculated, you will

have discovered that if the entire twelve issues each year should be equitably apportioned among the lodges, the year will have closed with many of them not even mentioned. You will also have discovered that accounts of one such event cannot all be published before another has occurred.

Since accounts of every lodge's activity in the observance of mandatory ceremonials and of Christmas, Thanksgiving, etc., cannot be published, it is less than fair to pass the buck to the Editor by expecting him to prefer a few lodges over the many. It is our desire, aim and purpose to treat all with equal fairness.

All of this is not said to discourage lodges from sending in accounts of their activities. On the contrary, we are always glad to receive them. They comprise one of the most interesting features of the magazine. It is said, however, to give you some idea of the difficulties which present themselves to the Editor and to cause you to be tolerant when the photograph you send in is not reproduced or a news item is not printed in full.

With reference to photographs, many of those received cannot be reproduced because they are not sufficiently clear to make good cuts. The firm which produces our cuts is regarded as the best in New York. It frequently returns photographs stating that they cannot be satisfactorily reproduced. Because we are at times very anxious to reproduce a certain photograph, we tell the engraver to do the best he can with it. The result is always unsatisfactory, which accounts for some of the cuts used being pretty much of a blur, with few if any of the faces recognizable even to the subject's most intimate friends. Some lodges send in newspaper mats or cuts. It is a mechanical impossibility to reproduce them in our Magazine. We must have glossy prints of photographs. They should be taken by a professional photographer, as it is seldom indeed that a good reproduction can be made of a film photographed by an amateur. And another thing, when you send an article which reaches us after the first of the month, don't complain if it does not appear in the next issue. That is impos-



sible as our closing date, or "deadline", as it is called, is the tenth of the month. This means that articles to appear in a given issue must reach us not later than the first of the preceding month.

All of the foregoing adds up to the fact that we are doing our very best to give the Order a distinctive magazine. We solicit your good offices in helping us and we further bespeak your tolerant consideration of our efforts when they fall short of what you think they should be.

### Interest in Ritualistic Work

THE ever-increasing interest in ritualistic work throughout the Order was evidenced more than ever before at the St. Louis session of the Grand Lodge. Sixteen teams from as many different states participated in spirited rivalry at the National Ritualistic Contest. It was a difficult task for the judges to award the prizes. They, however, held rigidly to the rules governing these contests and applying the established percentages of excellence to the work of the individual in the various teams, and to the effectiveness of each rendition, awarded the first prize to Elizabeth, New Jersey, Lodge, No. 289, the second to Decorah, Iowa, Lodge, No. 443, and the third to Decatur, Georgia, Lodge, No. 1602—a real accomplishment for a lodge so young.

All three of these lodges scored over 94% of efficiency. Between the team awarded first prize and the one awarded the second prize there was the negligible difference of one-half of one percent and between the second and the third there was a yet closer margin. Between the highest and the lowest there was a difference of only about 5%.

The report of the judges showing the percentage assigned to each team and their selection of an all-star team of officers appears on pages 33 and 34 of the August, 1939, issue of *The Elks Magazine*. In all, five prizes were awarded, the fourth going to Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, and the fifth to LaSalle-Peru, Illinois, Lodge, No. 584.

When it is considered that each team was composed of

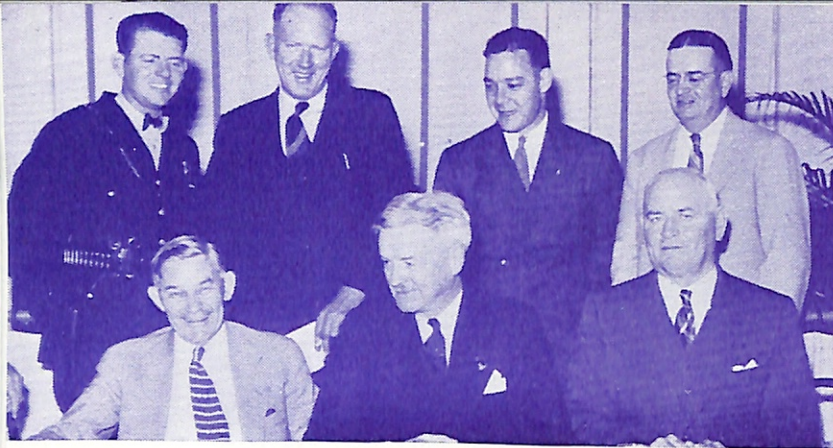
seven, that each had devoted many hours to rehearsals, that the members of each team denied themselves much of the entertainment enjoyed at St. Louis by others, and when the cost of sending them to the Grand Lodge is considered, one begins to recognize the great interest taken by subordinate lodges in these contests. The credit must go to the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge for conducting these national contests, to State Associations for holding contests in their respective jurisdictions and especially to subordinate lodges which make possible these contests, thus serving to benefit the Order by impressing the importance of proficiency in the rendition of our ritual. It is hoped that the record made at St. Louis will at least be equalled at the Houston Grand Lodge session.

### Laudable Teamwork

FOR many years there has been a strong bond of sympathy between the Order of Elks and the Salvation Army. This was augmented during the World War when the Order was able to assist the Salvation Army in the outstanding humanitarian activities of that organization in administering to the needs of our doughboys in France.

This was graciously acknowledged by Evangeline Booth when she appeared before the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City and stated that but for the assistance given by our Order, the Salvation Army would have been unable to carry on with our military forces then on the front.

Therefore we find lodges working in harmony with the Salvation Army in charitable undertakings. Recently a number of lodges have adopted the "mile o' dimes" plan in raising money for the benefit of poor children to the end that such assistance may not be confined to the Christmas Season but may be made available throughout the year. In this endeavor a number of lodges have doubled teams, with the local branches of the Salvation Army. Each will be of material assistance to the other and each will be appreciative of help given it by the other.



Above are Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and Grand Treasurer Robert S. Barrett, who were entertained at luncheon at Clearwater, Fla., Lodge shown with Clearwater Elks.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Warner as he was met at the station by Past State President D. Curtis Gano and P.E.R. William B. Zimmer on his visit to Rochester, N. Y., Lodge.



Mr. Warner is shown with E.R. James A. Spargo and P.E.R. Francis J. Lawler at the burning of the mortgage on Rome, N. Y., Lodge's home.

# GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



A large delegation of prominent Elks who were present at the 40th Anniversary celebration of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge. Standing on either side of E.R. Eli T. Conner are Mr. Warner and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan.



Above are candidates who were initiated into the Order on the occasion of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner's official visit to Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge. Distinguished New York and Vermont Elks were present.



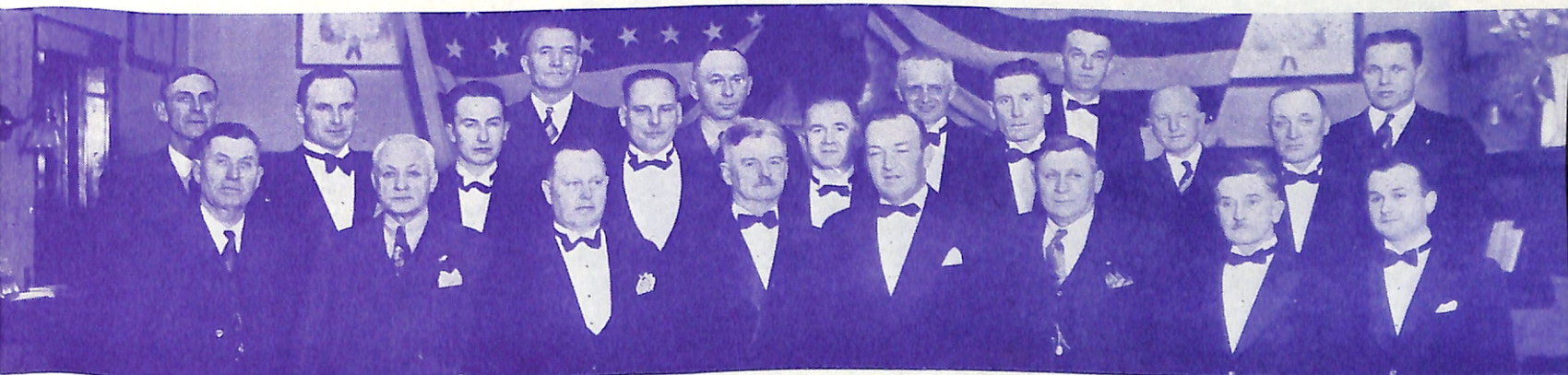
A testimonial dinner to Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was held during his visitation to Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge. Above are many of the prominent Elks who were in attendance.



Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner are photographed boarding an Eastern Airlines plane for Jacksonville, Fla., after their visit to Atlanta Ga., Lodge.



Above are distinguished Alabama Elks who were present to greet Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner when he paid a visit to Birmingham Lodge.



Grand Est. Lect. Knight Stanley J. Shook, Mr. Warner and Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, are shown with members and officers of Great Bend, Kans., Lodge when Mr. Warner was entertained there.



Above are visiting dignitaries and officers of Erie, Pa., Lodge who entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Warner at a dinner when he visited their Lodge home, accompanied by many Grand Lodge and State officers.

# GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was met at the Union Station in Chicago on March 12 by a large delegation of Elks who accompanied him, with a motorcycle escort, to Des Plaines, Ill. The Boys' Band from St. Mary's Training School

met the caravan at the city limits and accompanied the party to the spacious quarters which Des Plaines Lodge No. 1526 occupies in the Masonic Temple. There the Band gave a concert, and open house was held during the afternoon. Several hundred Elks from Oak

Park, Blue Island, Cicero-Berwyn, Des Plaines, Evanston, Woodstock, Elgin, Elmhurst, Waukegan, Chicago and Aurora, Ill., Lodges, attended the banquet given for Mr. Warner in the Masonic Temple Auditorium. Joseph M. Cooke of Harvey Lodge, Pres. of the Illinois State Elks Assn., gave the Invocation and Special District Deputy William M. Frasier, Blue Island, acted as Toastmaster. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; D.D. J. Leonard Townsend, Woodstock; Frank T. Lynde of Antigo, Pres. of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn., and Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha, Wis., a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, were among those present. At the banquet, carved wooden plaques were presented to Vernon Wiberg, Principal of the Junior High School, and M. S. Johnson of the Maine High School faculty, to be awarded the rooms best exemplifying the spirit of Americanism. At the meeting twenty-two candidates were initiated, and the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a fine address.

Representatives of 17 lodges gathered in Jerseyville on March 14 to pay their respects to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, and to assist Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge, No. 954, in celebrating its 35th anniversary. A banquet was served to approximately 175 local and visiting Elks, and 250 attended the meeting at which a class was initiated. Mr. Campbell was called upon to introduce the Grand Exalted Ruler, which he did in his own inimitable style, and those who assisted in various ways were congratulated on the success of the affair. D.D.'s J. F. Walsh, Jerseyville, C. Fred Smith, Springfield, and H. B. Walter, Decatur, Ill.; Joseph H. Glauber, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Mo., Lodge; Frank P. White, Oak Park, Exec. Sec'y of the Crippled Children's Commission of the Illinois State Elks Assn.; Mr. Frasier; Past State Pres.'s Albert W. Jeffreys of Herrin, Truman A. Snell, Carlinville, and Dr. Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville; State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln; State Vice-Pres.'s Dan T. Cloud, Jacksonville, and Dr. Nick Feder, Belleville; State Trustee Irby Todd, Granite City, and numerous other Elks of the State participated.



Above: Mr. Warner with members of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge when a special meeting was held in his honor.

Below: Mr. Warner and a class of candidates which was initiated in honor of his visit to Macomb, Ill., Lodge.



Below are Mr. Warner and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, seated, surrounded by a class of candidates which was initiated into Atlanta, Ga., Lodge in honor of the occasion.





A class of 152 candidates shown above with Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and officers of Flint, Mich., Lodge on the night of Mr. Warner's visit there.

Right: Mr. Warner and members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge place a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews.



Arriving in Pekin, Ill., in the late afternoon of March 15, Mr. Warner was escorted to the Illinois Hotel where he was the guest of honor at a dinner. Later he attended a meeting of Pekin Lodge No. 1271 and witnessed the initiation by the local officers of a class of candidates, 21 for Pekin Lodge and two for Peoria Lodge No. 1627. Mr. Warner, introduced by E.R. D. W. Dittmer of Pekin Lodge, spoke before a crowd estimated at more than 400. After the meeting a hot lunch of barbecued beef and salmon was served.

On March 18, Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218, initiated a class of 25 candidates with several reinstatements. The meeting followed a dinner, held in honor of Mr. Warner's official visit, which was attended by nearly 300 local members together with visiting Elks from many other lodges including Dixon, Rockford, Mendota and Chicago, Ill., Columbus, O., and Dubuque, Ia. The meeting was one of the largest and best ever held by the local lodge and one

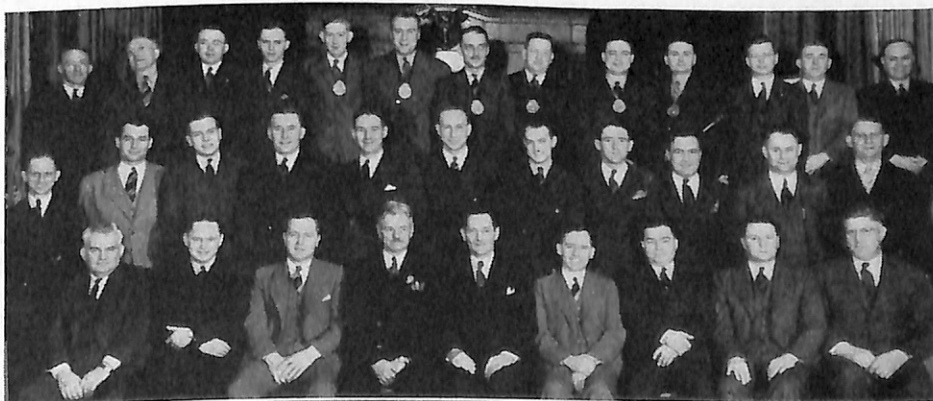
that reflected great credit on the officers. The speech made by the Grand Exalted Ruler was acclaimed as one of the finest patriotic addresses ever given in the State. Especially outstanding was the initiatory work of the officers which was highly praised by Mr. Warner.

The Grand Exalted Ruler honored

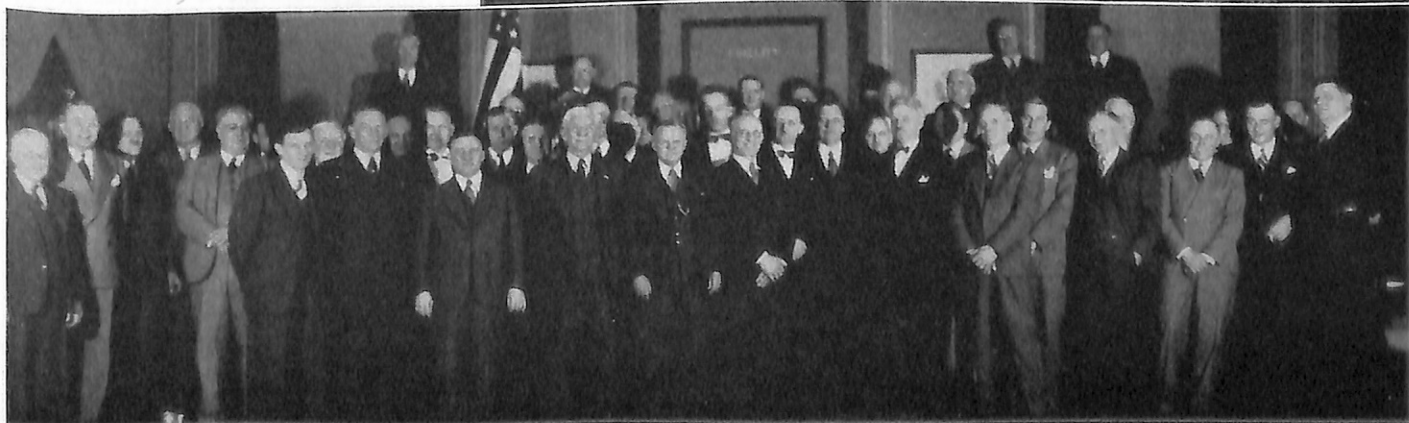
Webster City, Ia., Lodge, No. 302, on March 20, with a visit, and the lodge reciprocated by honoring Mr. Warner with the initiation of the "Henry C. Warner Class" of 12 candidates. Delegations were present for the dinner and meeting from Blue Island, Ill., Roches-

(Continued on page 44)

Right: Mr. Warner is shown with members of the "Henry C. Warner Class" initiated into Sterling, Ill., Lodge.



Below: Mr. Warner and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson whose visit to Moline, Ill., Lodge coincided with the installation of the Lodge officers.



# Under the ANTLERS



One of the patriotic activities in which Vermont Elks took part some time ago was the celebration in which the Burlington Green Mountain Boys "recaptured" Fort Ticonderoga. Above is State Pres. Harold J. Arthur, of Burlington Lodge, leading the unit, in regular officer's uniform.

## Father and Sons Night Is Held at San Francisco, Calif., Lodge

Veteran members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, voted the Father and Sons Night, staged in the lodge home on March 23, the most successful of all past similar affairs. More than 300 boys were present and approximately 700 Elks.

The personal appearance of that "Grand Old Man of Baseball", Connie Mack, contributed largely to the success of the evening. Mr. Mack addressed the

members and their sons and outside friends as well, his talk being carried to the radio audience by NBC Station KGO in San Francisco from 8:30 to 9 P.M. Mr. Mack brought with him several of his Philadelphia Athletics. Many of baseball's "greats" of other years were there to regale the gathering with stories of the diamond in the nineties or at the turn of the century. Among them were Bill Lange, formerly of the Chicago Nationals; George Van Haltren, of the Chicago Nationals in 1887, and Jimmy

Byrnes, formerly of the Philadelphia Athletics. Other notables who spoke were Charles Graham, owner of the San Francisco "Seals"; "Lefty" O'Doul, manager of the "Seals", and Walter Mills, Publicity Manager of the San Francisco ball club.

At the close of the program all of the boys were presented with baseballs. They lost no time and encountered no difficulties in getting their heroes to autograph their balls. E.R. Byron H. Hurd presided during the evening. Henry Wurkheim was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the event.



## Massachusetts State Elks Hold Regional Meeting at Haverhill

The Fifth Regional Meeting of the Mass. State Elks Assn. was held on March 31 in the home of Haverhill Lodge No. 165. Pres. William F. Hogan, of Everett, presided. Reports were made by the chairmen of the various committees. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, made a brief address, and 1st State Vice-Pres. Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, spoke on the Order.

The principal speaker of the afternoon was Capt. Joseph A. Gainard, hero skipper of the S. S. *City of Flint*, and a member of Melrose, Mass., Lodge, No. 1031. The Captain recounted many thrilling incidents experienced from the time of the *Flint's* sailing to ports of call on the Atlantic seaboard, from New York, to the internment at Mur-

Above, left, are Elks of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge who initiated Benny McCoy, the baseball player, along with 42 other candidates, into the Lodge.

Left are the Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Rulers of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, with Connie Mack, president of the Philadelphia Athletics ball club. Anaheim Lodge tendered a reception and dinner to Mr. Mack.

Right: The officers and committee chairmen of the New Jersey State Elks Assn., shown at the quarterly meeting recently held in Ridgewood, N. J. Past Grand Trustee Joseph G. Buch and State Pres. William Jernick are seated, center.

mansk in the Arctic and the return to the States. He also gave some interesting sidelights on the manifold situations encountered. Capt. Gainard was secured for the occasion by P.E.R. Joseph Casey of Melrose Lodge, State Tiler.

P.E.R. James L. Kelleher of Medford Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Association, reported a registration of 400 Elks. The attendance was the largest at any of the regional meetings this year.

### **Lorain, O., Lodge Entertains Elks' Delegations From Bellevue, O.**

The members of Lorain, O., Lodge, No. 1301, enjoyed a visit, recently, made by 43 members of Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013. The visiting Elks were met by a local delegation and escorted in special buses to the lodge home where a dinner was served in their honor. A class of candidates was initiated for Lorain Lodge at the evening meeting, the ceremonies being conducted by State Pres. C. A. Lais of Norwalk, assisted by officers of Elyria, Bellevue and Lorain Lodges.

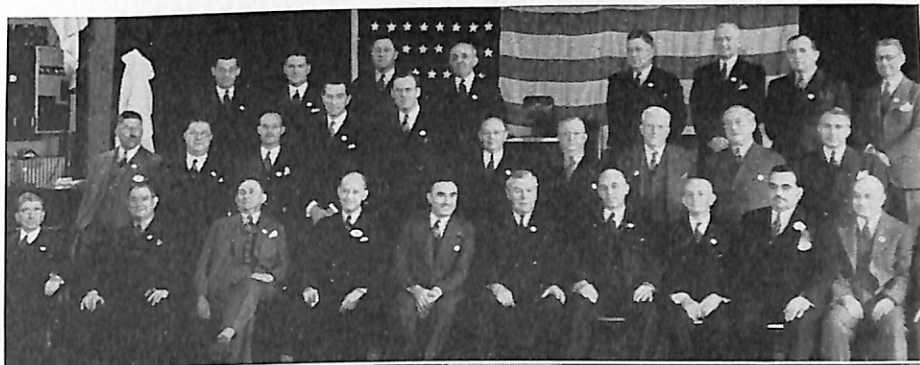
Several members of Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, attended the dinner and meeting. The Bellevue Elks traveled to and from Lorain in a special coach attached to a train of the Nickel Plate Railroad.

### **Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge Honors Retiring Secretary Don Douthit**

Two hundred and fifty members gathered in the home of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, on "Don Douthit Night" to pay tribute to their retiring secretary whose resignation had been accepted with regret a short time before. Mr. Douthit, who resigned to enter business, gave the lodge fine service in his more than five years in the secretary's office. His ready smile and

Right: Hiram Williams, charter member of Berwick, Pa., Lodge, burns the mortgage on the Lodge home as several prominent members look on.

Below is the Glee Club of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge which recently participated in a party given for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund.



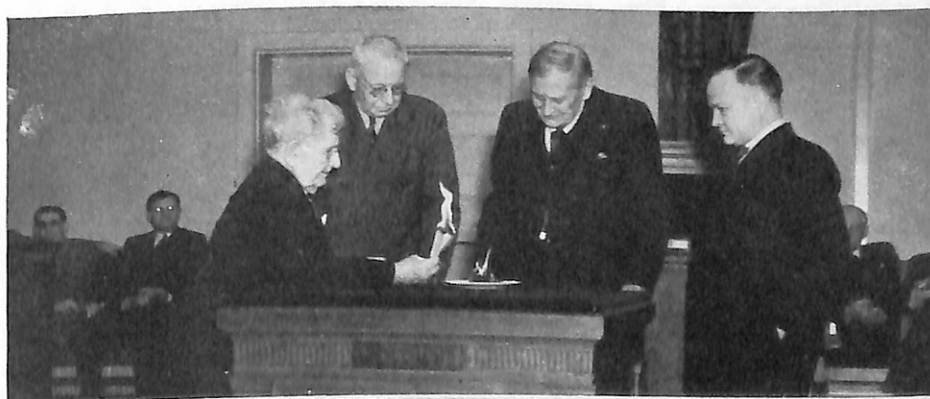
Above: The officers of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Lodge receive a ritualistic cup presented by D.D. Ralph E. Becker as an award for winning the regional ritualistic contest.

genial disposition won for him a wide popularity and made many friends for the lodge.

The program featured a band concert, songs by the Elks Quartette, and a six-thirty dinner, followed by an initiation put on by the Sioux Falls officers. W. K. Rierden was Master of Ceremonies at the dinner. Mr. Douthit was presented with a set of luggage at the close of an address made by P.E.R. M. T. Woods, P.D.D.

### **Rahway, N. J., Lodge Initiates Class on "Joseph Buch Night"**

Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, initiated its "Joseph G. Buch Class" in the presence of one of the largest gatherings of Elks that has attended any of its meetings in the past eight years. Some excellent speeches were heard. State Pres. William J. Jernick, of Nutley Lodge, stressed the importance of crippled children work, better meetings and public relations. Council-





At top are members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge and baseball celebrities who took part in the Fathers' and Sons' Night program at that Lodge. Connie Mack was one of baseball figures present.

man Clifford P. Case, a member of the Class, and P.D.D.'s Edward L. Grimes, of Somerville, and Harold W. Swallow, of Bound Brook, were the other speakers.

The retiring Exalted Ruler, Post-

master Martin F. Gettings, was presented with a diamond-studded Past Exalted Ruler's emblem from the lodge by Exalted Ruler-elect Eugene F. Kenna. P.E.R. Samuel R. Morton presented membership cards to the new members. Melvin W. Reed had charge of arrangements for the meeting which was followed by vocal numbers rendered by the Rahway Quartette, and a supper. P.E.R. Charles A. Rorke acted as Exalted Ruler during the initiatory ceremonies. Mr. Gettings presided. Officers and members of Rahway Lodge and

Above is a photograph of members of Frankfort, Ky., Lodge and a class of candidates who were initiated into the Order in honor of Kentucky's Governor Keen Johnson.

visiting Elks present signed an engraved Resolution, prepared by the lodge as a testimonial to Mr. Buch. The Resolution contained sentiments of appreciation and affection, and declared the day dedicated to his honor.

#### **Crippled Children's Clinic Held At Dickinson, N. D., Lodge**

More than a hundred crippled children from Stark, Billings, Dunn, Golden Valley, Adams, Bowman, Kettinger and Slope Counties, were present in the home of Dickinson, N.D., Lodge, No. 1137, on April 13, for the annual crippled children's clinic sponsored by the lodge and the child welfare division of the State Welfare Board. County welfare officers and a number of doctors cooperated. The Elks' Committee in Charge of Arrangements included E.R. E. W. Tobin; P.E.R.'s A. C. Pagenkopf, H. L. Reichert, P. J. Baseflug and W. A. Brown, Secy.; R. V. Boulger and D. J. Price.

The clinic was organized and conducted the same as it has been during the past three years, and clinical services were available to all mentally normal children under 21 years of age with physical handicaps of an orthopedic nature. The examining physician was Dr. Harry Fortin of Fargo. He was assisted by Miss Theodora Allen, State



Above, left: Past State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan presents a gift to Richard J. Pearson, Tiler of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Lodge from the P.E.R.'s under whom he served. The occasion was known as "Dick Pearson Night."



Left: Past Exalted Rulers of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge and Governor Homer A. Holt are shown at the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

Right are prominent Elks and nationally known personalities who were present at a meeting held by Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge. Leo Carrillo, motion picture actor, and the well-known humorist, Irvin S. Cobb, can be distinguished in the picture.

Supervisor of the division of child welfare and by local child welfare workers and the county nurse. The Dickinson clinic was one of ten scheduled throughout North Dakota.

### **The Elks Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J.**

Eugene Gallaher has been appointed Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, for the 18th consecutive time. The other members of the committee are Dr. Charles H. Mayhew, Dr. Thomas Shephard, Paul B. Christy and Allen J. Corson. Ten years ago Mr. Gallaher was made an honorary life member of the lodge. During his 17 years of service as chairman, the Crippled Children's Committee has aided more than 9,000 individuals, many being from outside the Millville area, and some from outside the county. Mr. Gallaher keeps a photographic record of difficult surgical cases—pictures taken before and after recovery. Some 2,500 operations have been performed in general, orthopedic, ocular, oro-facial and plastic surgery. Assistance has also been provided in other ways. Clothing has been furnished, wheel-chairs, crutches, literature, etc., have been provided, and annually the Committee arranges an outing on a large scale for the underprivileged children of the community.

Millville Lodge held another successful clinic recently at the local hospital. At the end of the corridor was a vacant chair which had been occupied for two years by a nine-year-old lad, afflicted with spinal curvature and other deformities. The case is one of many in which rehabilitation has been effected through the Elks' clinic. The boy has been cured and is now at the State School at New Lisbon. A visit to the School, arranged by Mr. Gallaher, was made recently by a group of parents whose boys are being trained and cared for at the institution.

### **Senior Boy Scout Troop Sponsored By Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge**

Early in 1939, Senior Boy Scout Troop No. 13 was organized in Orange County, California, under the sponsorship of Santa Ana Lodge No. 794, to act in emergency cases of accident or disaster. Starting with a portable



Above are three cribs which were presented by Greeley, Colo., Lodge to these triplets who were born to Mrs. Elmer Newton of Mead.

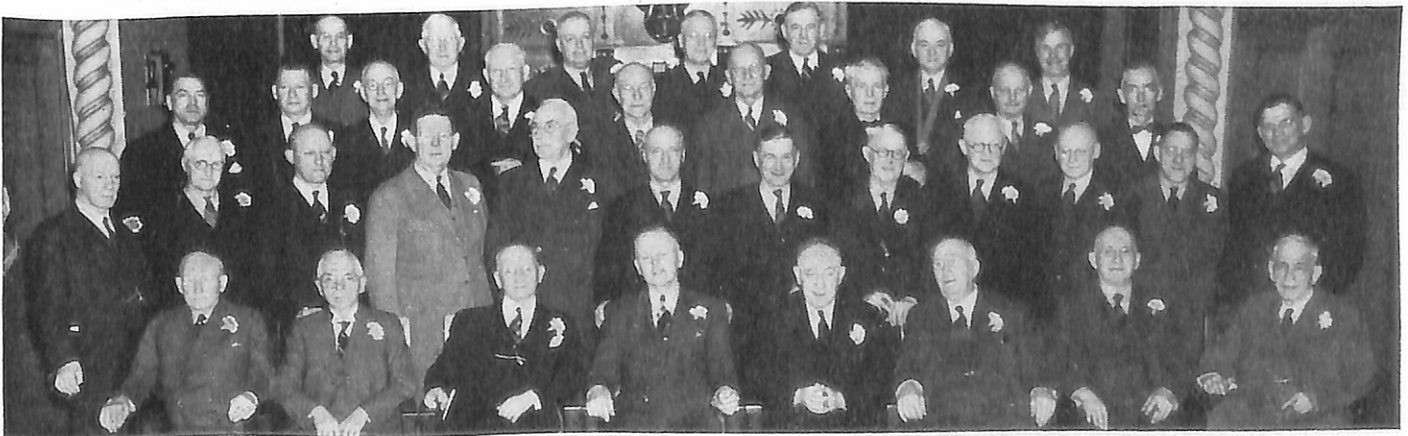
receiving and broadcasting radio truck for use in the mountains or in the event of an electrical service breakdown, an ambulance for the rendering of first aid, and a transportation truck supplied with tents and other necessary field equipment, the Troop now has complete facilities with which to work in practically any emergency.

The present value of the equipment is around \$1,750. Santa Ana Lodge contributed \$980, and some donations were made by interested business men, but the major portion of the enhanced valuation has accrued by reason of the work performed by the executive advisors and the labors of the boys themselves in the construction of their equipment which now consists of four complete units. The Troop's portable field kitchen, built as a trailer, is fitted with complete mess kits and burns Bu-

tane gas for fire. In case of disaster it is possible to serve 500 people every 30 minutes with plain food and coffee. The first aid truck is large enough to carry 25 boys to a destination and can accommodate seven stretchers with attendants.

The Elks of Santa Ana believe that establishment of the Troop is one of the most constructive things ever accomplished in the County, interesting boys of sixteen or more in worthwhile educational and outdoor activities and making it practically impossible for any, who might have been so disposed, to become delinquents. The idea was conceived just before Ridley C. Smith became Exalted Ruler, and was successfully developed during his term of office, which expired recently. The tireless and continuous efforts of the executive advisors, Doug Douglas, Lloyd Groover and G. M. Hunton, were largely responsible for the splendid showing made by the Troop and the acquisition of its splendid equipment. The records show that during the year the Troop, as a group, administered in more

Below are 36 of the 80 men who have been members of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge for more than 30 years, shown as they were honored at a dinner preceding "Old Timers' Night".





Left are two officers of Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, shown as they burned the mortgage on the Lodge home.

### **Morgan City, La., Lodge Honors P.E.R. C. A. Barnes**

As a testimonial of gratitude for services well rendered, Morgan City, La., Lodge, No. 1121, held a banquet recently in honor of P.E.R. C. A. Barnes. Some 50 members attended the "Get-Together". Mr. Barnes was presented with a Life Membership in the lodge, and was also given a handsome watch. He was formerly an agent for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, but has retired from active service.

### **Wheeling W. Va., Lodge Presents a Candidate For Grand Trustee**

On his record as an Elk and as a man of wide business experience, Past Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner will be presented as a candidate for election to the office of Grand Trustee by Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, at the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston next month.

Mr. Kepner became a member of Wheeling Lodge in 1924. He served on the Degree Team, and as Esteemed Lecturing, Loyal and Leading Knight in succession, being elected Exalted Ruler in 1930. About 150 new members were initiated during his term. He is serving his eighth year as a member of the Board of Trustees of Wheeling Lodge, is Chairman of the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, which has raised and spent \$104,000 in local charity work during the past eight years, and takes an active interest in the work of the West Virginia State Elks Association. Mr. Kepner served as a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee in 1934-35 and as a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge in 1937-38. He was appointed Grand Trustee in February, 1940, by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, to fill the unexpired term of Joseph G. Buch.

In his business and community life, Mr. Kepner has been most successful. He is a member of the firm of Carl J. Kepner and Son, is Vice-Chairman of the Wheeling Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Security Trust Co., of the Ohio Valley Industrial Corporation, of the Wheeling Automobile Club and of the Wheeling Y.M.C.A. He is President of the National Selected Morticians, a Past President of the West Virginia Funeral Directors Association, a Past President of the Wheeling Kiwanis Club, a former Commissioner of the Wheeling Fire Department, and a former Commissioner of Playgrounds and Public Recreation.

Left is a group picture of the members of a number of Indiana lodges who attended a sectional initiation held at Terre Haute Lodge. Among those present were Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner; Will H. Hays, famous motion picture figure, and the officers of the Indiana State Elks Assn.



Above is the "Grover C. Shoemaker Class" initiated into Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge in honor of the Grand Lodge's Chairman of the Credentials Committee.

than 125 first aid cases. The number of cases handled individually is estimated at 500.

### **Kenton, O., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary**

The three-day Golden Jubilee Program, held in celebration of the 50th anniversary of Kenton, O., Lodge, No. 157, planned long ahead of time, was brought to a successful close on April 9, when the Golden Anniversary Ball was held. Registration, club activities throughout the afternoon, a stag banquet served in the basement of St. John's Evangelical Church, and an evening floor show at the lodge home,

were the events of the first day, April 3.

Sunday, April 7, was State Association Day. A 12:30 banquet for State officials, local and initiatory officers and candidates, was followed by the initiation, in the lodge home at 3 P. M., of the Golden Anniversary Class. The ceremonies were performed by officers from lodges in the Ohio Northwest District. Thanatopsis was rendered by Past State Pres. James R. Cooper of Newark Lodge, assisted by several Newark members. The principal address was impressively delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., Lodge. A buffet luncheon and entertainment followed the meeting.





Above: Those who were present at a meeting of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge at which the "Bill Miller Class" was initiated in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.

Right: E.R. Paul B. Dailey and officers of Las Vegas, N. Mex., Lodge present a trophy to Coach Fred Brown of the Las Vegas High School basketball team. The trophy is symbolic of the championship for the year.



### Mount Kisco Lodge Wins New York East District Ritualistic Contest

The Ritualistic Contest of the New York East District and the silver cup donated by D.D. Ralph E. Becker were won by Mount Kisco Lodge No. 1552. Peekskill, Port Chester, White Plains and Mamaroneck Lodges received honorable mention.

Mr. Becker presented the trophy to E.R. Arthur J. Fox and his officers at a dinner-meeting held in the lodge home on April 2. Installation of officers also took place that evening. The winning and presentation of the trophy climaxed one of the most successful years in the history of Mount Kisco Lodge. The retiring Exalted Ruler, Mr. Fox, Chairman Jack Mooney of the House Committee and Chairman Frank P. Duffy of the Board of Trustees, are mentioned as deserving special praise for the excellent progress shown, and

it is anticipated that the good work cannot but continue under the new leadership of Exalted Ruler Howard G. Kensing and his staff.

The home of Mount Kisco Lodge is considered one of the most beautiful in the country. The surrounding grounds, of six and one half acres are exquisitely laid out and cared for, and provide ample facilities for all forms of recreation and sports. An excellent spirit prevails throughout the membership, infused by the untiring efforts of the various officers and committees who

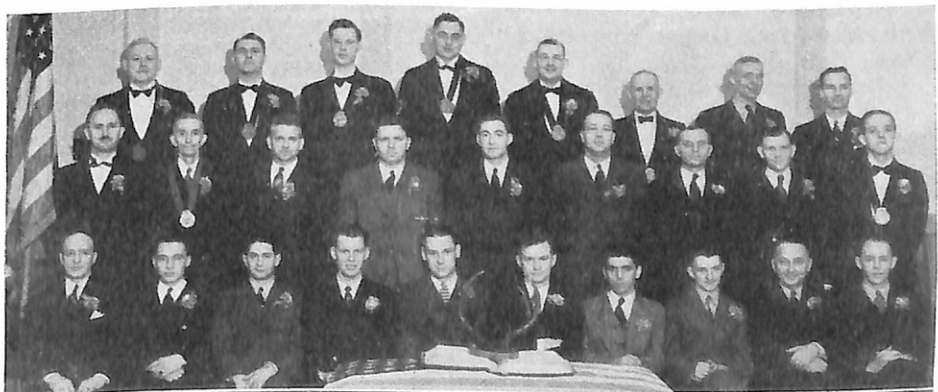
have served Mount Kisco Lodge since it was instituted. The lodge continues to grow in prominence and popularity. It occupies a high place in the regard of the community and reflects credit upon the Order by the high standard of its activities.

### Wilmington, N. C., Lodge Presents X-Ray Table to Hospital

The presentation of a Hawley-Scanlan fracture and orthopedic X-ray table to the James Walker Memorial

Right: A class of candidates and the officers who initiated them into Olympia, Wash., Lodge. State Pres. George Newell and State Vice-Pres. Edward Alexander were present.

Below are members and officers of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge with a class of candidates initiated recently in honor of the Lodge's only living charter member, George F. Keefer, seated, center.





Above are those who were present at "Past Exalted Rulers' Night" held by Taft, Calif., Lodge. State Pres. Elmer B. Maze and State Vice-Pres. Larry Basteen were present.



Left are those who attended a mock trial held in the lodge room of Boulder, Colo., Lodge recently. This unique form of entertainment brought 320 members out to see the fun.

Hospital by Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, No. 532, featured a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the Hospital. The presentation was made by E.R. Donald King and acceptance by T. F. Darden, President of the Board.

The Exalted Ruler stated that the table was being presented by his organization without any restrictions. He explained that the purpose of the gift was to make such equipment available for injured patients, regardless of race, creed or color, and for the benefit of the physicians.

#### **Woburn, Mass., Lodge Renovates Home; Beautifies Grounds**

Extensive improvements were made in the home of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, during the administration of Sidney J. Paine as Exalted Ruler for 1939-40. The lounge rooms, hallways and foyers were painted and papered, and inlaid floors were sanded and waxed to bring out their natural hues. New linoleum was laid on the second floor. The rathskeller in the basement was furnished with new card tables and chairs and construction begun on a members' entrance to the grill room. The grounds were re-landscaped and beautified.

#### **Rutherford, N. J., Lodge Has A Fine Record of Achievement**

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547, was instituted in 1900. In the intervening years, the lodge has grown and prospered. Without ostentation it has carried on vast charitable activities and has spent more than \$100,000 for crippled children work and relief for the poor and needy of the community. Full cooperation at all times has been given by the membership. The lodge celebrated its fortieth anniversary in February. The five remaining charter members, Fred B. Schaller, Harry A. Smith, George W. Renkel, P.E.R. Walter P. Schwabe and George J. Micke, were honor guests at the banquet which was followed by entertainment presented by well known artists.

The laying of the cornerstone of the home in 1907 and the dedication ceremonies, held some months later, were among the largest and most important events in the history of the community. The building, substantially constructed, has been completely remodeled and refurnished since then and is today in better condition than when it was erected, and is entirely free of debt. The lodge has been particularly fortunate in the selection of its officers.

The Board of Trustees is an outstanding example. The Trustees, with the assistance of the members, have succeeded not only in maintaining the home in its original beauty, but in enhancing its value considerably by the improvements they have made. The lodge has been honored by three District Deputy appointments in its 40 years of existence, and election of two Vice-Presidents of the N. J. State Elks Association. Several Rutherford Elks have served with great credit on Grand Lodge and State Association Committees.

#### **Ambridge, Pa., Elks Purchase Wheel Chairs For Fresh Air Home**

Ambridge, Pa., Lodge, No. 983, suffered a severe set-back a few years ago, but is rapidly regaining its former status. Numerous charitable activities are being carried on and many new members are being initiated.

The lodge purchased two junior wheel chairs recently for the Sewickley Fresh Air Home for Crippled Children. A class of 18 candidates was named for D.D. Fred Mac Gribble, of Woodlawn Lodge, and initiated on the occasion of his official visit. The lodge also honored its Exalted Ruler, Herbert R. McLanahan, with the initiation of a class of thirteen.

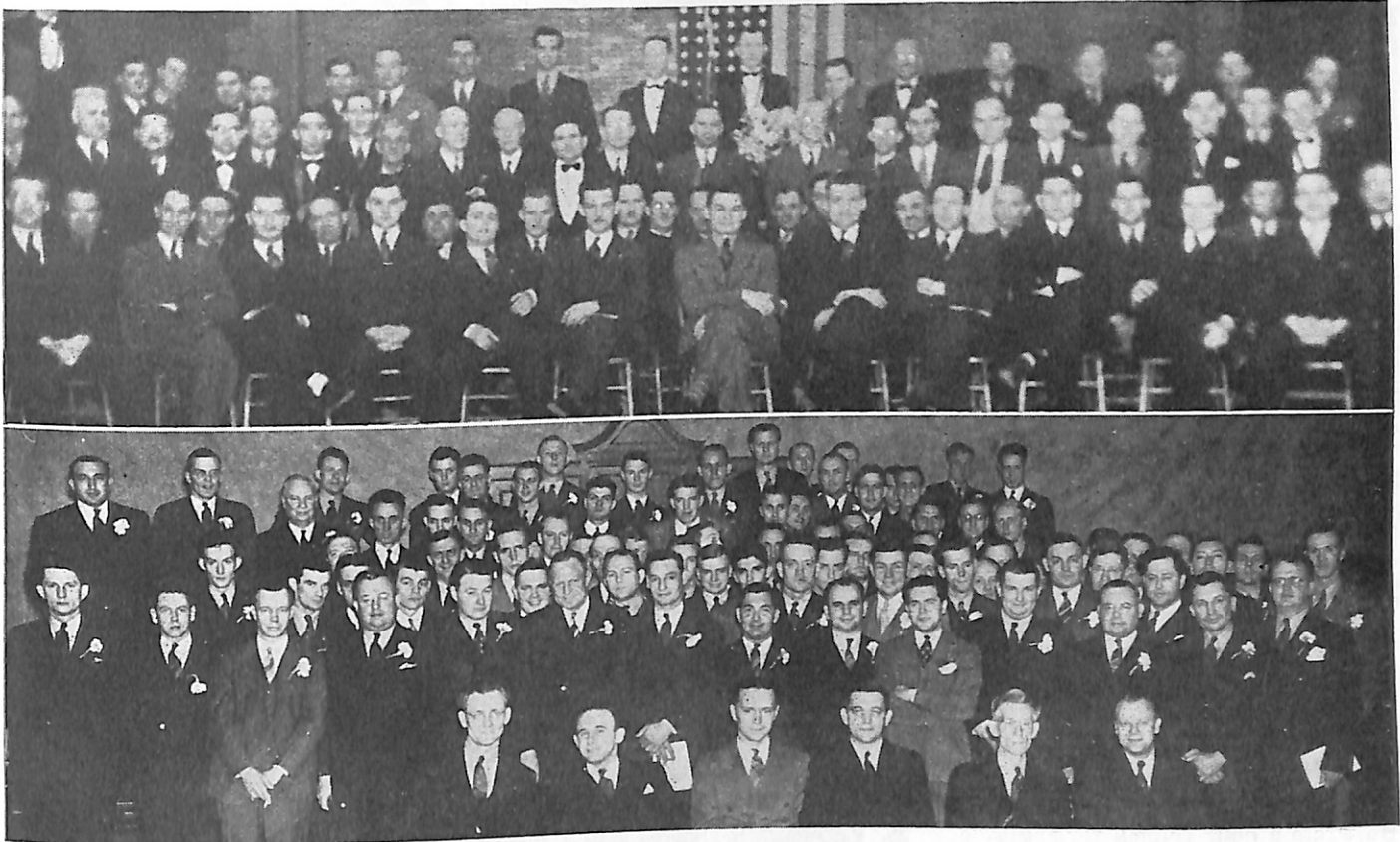
#### **Death of Gen. Creed Hammond P.E.R. of Eugene, Ore., Lodge**

Members of Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, were grieved to learn of the passing of Major General Creed C. Hammond, one of their best beloved Past Exalted Rulers, who died on April 2 at his home in Portland, Ore.

Gen. Hammond was a former chief of the U. S. Militia Bureau, and from 1929 to 1933 was Comptroller General in the Philippine Islands. He entered the army with the First Nebraska Volunteers in the Philippines. During the World War, he served as a Colonel in the Coast Artillery.



Left are prominent Elks of the State of Idaho who were present at Boise Lodge to attend an important dinner meeting held there not long ago.



Above are members of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of State Pres. Harold J. Arthur and his Staff. Twenty-nine candidates were initiated in honor of the visit.

Above is a record-breaking class of candidates which was initiated with fitting ceremony into Oskaloosa, Ia., Lodge at a meeting held for that purpose.

### Green Bay, Wis., Lodge Holds Mortgage-Burning Ceremonies

Mortgage-burning ceremonies were held a few weeks ago by Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, No. 259, followed by a delightful social session. In the presence of 500 members and ladies, E.R. E. H. Eklund held the mortgage indenture while P.E.R. J. F. Kettenhofen applied the match. Among those who participated in the festivities were Herman, Carl and Percy Manthey, representing three generations of the Manthey family. Carl Manthey, affectionately known to many of his fellow Elks as "Grandpa", is 90 years of age.

The Executive Committee of the lodge is perfecting arrangements for the entertainment of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. The State Convention is to be held in Green Bay on August 15-16-17.

### Port Chester, N. Y., Elks Make Good Officers

When Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, was instituted in 1903, William O'Brien was elected Tiler. At the lodge's annual election meeting this year, Mr. O'Brien was elected for the 37th consecutive time, Treasurer Thomas F. Connolly for the 26th consecutive time and Secretary E. Carleton Coffin for the 14th consecutive time. These three hard-working and affable Elks are known in the section as "The

Three Musketeers" of Port Chester Lodge's official family. E.R. Harry A. Leigh, succeeding retiring E.R. Milton B. Shafer whose administration was outstanding, pledged himself to carry on the good work of his predecessor. Present and future activities, including an intensive picked membership campaign, point to another successful year.

P.E.R. Ralph E. Becker is the first member of Port Chester Lodge who has ever been appointed District Deputy. Mr. Becker was accompanied by the Port Chester Elks Quartette on his official visitations, all of which were marked by large and enthusiastic meetings throughout the District, New York East. Mr. Becker's homecoming visit was attended by more than 400 members and visiting Elks. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, and State Pres. Dr. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta, were the principal speakers. On behalf of the several lodges, P.D.D. James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill, presented Mr. Becker with a motion picture camera and projector. Presentation of a candid camera from Port Chester Lodge was made by P.E.R. Barney Cott.

### Death of Major John Davenport Grieves Hillside, N. J., Lodge

The death on March 19 of Major John A. Davenport of the U. S. Army Reserve brought sorrow to Hillside, N. J., Lodge, No. 1591, of which he was a loyal and respected member. In his memory, the lodge voted to present a silk American Flag to the new Hillside High School, and to make the presentation of the "Major Davenport Flag" at the dedication exercises. As a member of the Memorial Committee of Hillside Lodge and all of the other committees on which he was placed, Major Davenport rendered valuable service. He took an active part each year in the annual Flag Day exercises and his efforts were largely responsible for their success.

Major Davenport was a veteran of the World War and an acting Major General of the National Guard of New Jersey. He was a Past State Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and active in the American Legion. He died at the age of 46.



Right are Elks of Ambridge, Pa., Lodge and officials of the Sewickley Fresh-Air Home for Crippled Children, with two wheel-chairs which they recently purchased for the Home.



Above: A class of fifteen candidates which was recently inducted into Kingman, Ariz., Lodge by the Kingman uniformed Drill Team.

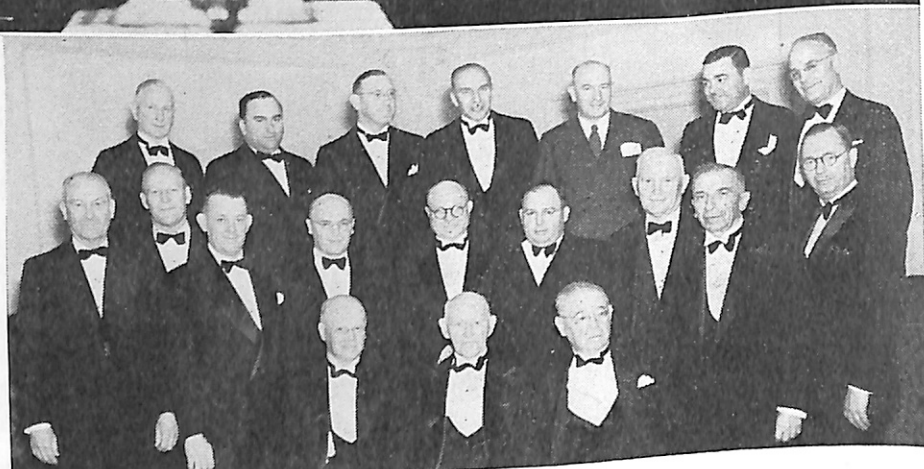
Right: Past Exalted Rulers of Oakland, Calif., Lodge on the occasion of Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

### Secretary Alfred W. Post, of Oceanside, Calif., Lodge

Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, No. 1561, lost a popular and efficient officer in the death of its Secretary, Alfred W. Post, which occurred on March 16. Mr. Post was well known in the community. He wrote a daily column for the *Blade Tribune* and was active in the local Masonic Lodge, the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club. He was 57 years of age.

### Rumford, Me., Lodge Wins State Ritualistic Trophy

Rumford, Me., Lodge, No. 862, making its first appearance in the Annual Ritualistic Contest held by the Maine State Elks Association at Lewiston recently, won possession of the ritualistic trophy for the ensuing year. The other lodges participating finished as follows: Biddeford-Saco second, Lewiston, third, Sanford, fourth, Portland, fifth, Waterville, sixth, and Bath, seventh.



### Marysville, Calif., Lodge Receives Charter For Its Boy Scout Troop

Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, was presented recently with its Charter for Troop, No. 21, Boy Scouts, and on that evening entertained not only its own Troop, but many Scouts from adjoining cities. The Charter was presented by the Scoutmaster to the Boy Scout Committee of Marysville Lodge. Before the meeting the Scouts and members of the lodge were entertained in the banquet room, where a delightful dinner was served.

### Warren, O., Lodge Revives Bowling Interest Among Its Members

Complying with the request made by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner that the lodges assist individually in a revival of bowling interest, Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, appointed a special committee to organize a team to bowl inter-lodge matches throughout north-eastern Ohio. Three teams have been organized and preparations are being made for the organization of an eight-team league later in the year.

Warren Lodge, in inter-lodge competition, defeated the champion Linsz Recreation of Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, 3078 to 3028. Two alley records were broken in the match. P.E.R. Edward W. Linsz heads the Cleveland bowlers. The Warren team bowled many teams in Ohio, winning a majority of the matches and defeating such teams as Cambridge, Akron, Lakewood, Wooster, Conneaut, Painesville, Salem and Alliance Lodges. The Warren team lost to Ashtabula—2 sets. The Warren bowlers also competed in the Ohio Elks Tournament at Columbus and at the Elks National Tournament at Fort Wayne, Ind.

### Grafton, W. Va., Past Exalted Rulers Form Advisory Board

Past Exalted Rulers of Grafton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 308, met recently and elected Dr. J. J. Kaufman Chairman, Dr. O. L. Cook Vice-Chairman, and Simon J. Friedman, Secretary, of their organization. E. J. Shaughnessy of Oklahoma City, first Exalted Ruler and still a member of Grafton Lodge, was named Honorary Chairman.



Left: The Pasadena, Calif., Elk Toppers and entertainers as they were pictured on the occasion of an official visit to Los Angeles Lodge.

Anxious to aid incoming officers in solving the problems which confront them during their terms, the 16 Past Exalted Rulers decided to form an Advisory Board to function at all times. Their action, however, is not binding either on the officers or the lodge.

### **San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge Entertains 100 Arizona Elks**

San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, was host recently to about one hundred Arizona Elks who traveled several hundred miles by bus, special car and automobile, to be present. Invitations had been extended to the various lodges of the State, and practically all were represented. Among the visitors were Past Grand Tiler Joe F. Mayer, of Globe Lodge, and R. I. Winn of Yuma, Past Pres.'s of the Ariz. State Elks Assn., and D.D. W. C. Miller of Phoenix.

A splendid dinner, an interesting lodge session and a high class vaudeville show featured the program. Andy Devine, Esquire of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, famous screen and radio star, and a former Arizonian, acted as Esquire at the meeting, which will be remembered as one of the best in the lodge's history. Four hundred Elks were present. A contribution was taken up for the Arizona State Elks Hospital at Tucson, and plans were made to make "Arizona Night" an annual affair at San Bernardino Lodge.

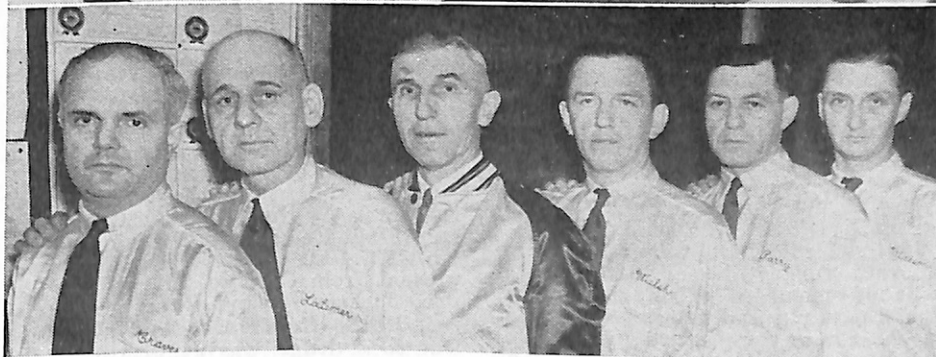
### **Warren M. Brown, Historian of Newark, Ohio, Lodge**

For 42 years Warren M. Brown, Historian of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, was a guiding spirit in the lodge and an untiring worker. News of his death, on February 27, was received with sorrow by the membership and by Elks throughout Central Ohio with whom he was a great favorite. Mr. Brown was an Honorary Life Member of Newark Lodge.

Burial took place in Rose Lawn Cemetery at Zanesville, O. Arrangements for the funeral, which was attended by about 100 members of Newark Lodge, were made by E.R. Clarence H. Huth, B. A. Gaunder and Fred Baker.

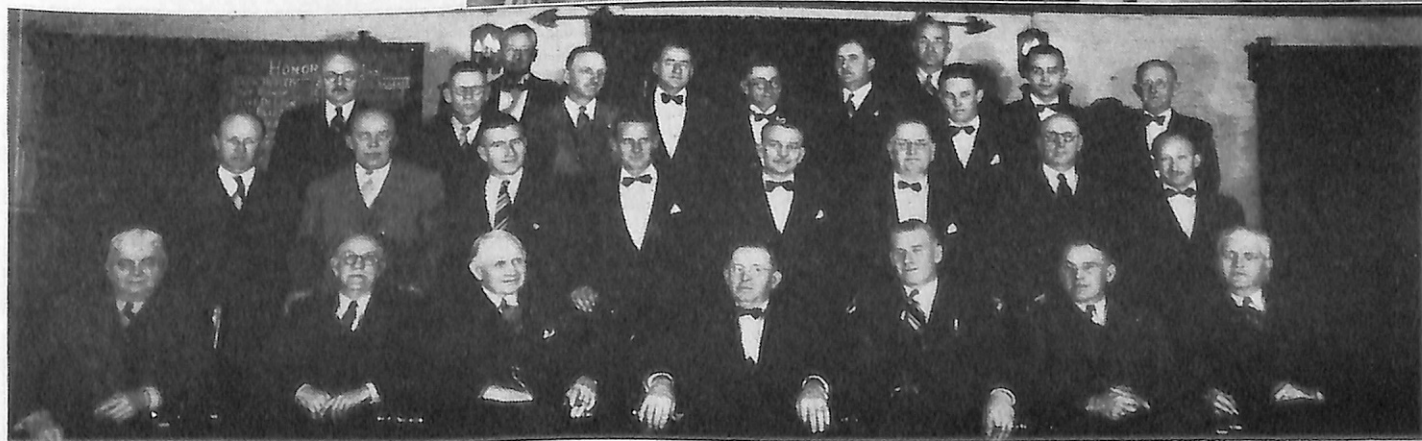
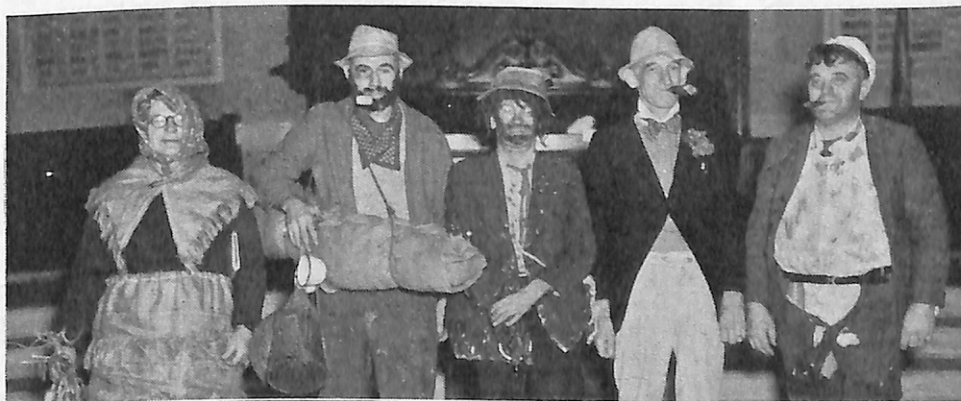
Right: Some of the revelers at Salem, Ore., Lodge when "Hobo Night" provided an hilarious entertainment.

Below: Visiting officials, local officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge on California State Elks Association Night.



At top is a beautiful float which was entered by Laredo, Tex., Lodge in a local George Washington's Birthday celebration. The Laredo float caused much favorable comment.

Above is the bowling team of Warren, Ohio, Lodge which entered the Ohio Elks Tournament and the Elks National Tournament. Much is expected of the team.





Above are those who were present at a visit of N. J. State Elks to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Standing at center can be seen Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Past Grand Trustee Joseph G. Buch and N. J. State Pres. William J. Jernick.

### Marion, O., Lodge Initiates a Class at a Special Meeting

At a special Sunday morning session on April 14, Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, initiated a class of 25 candidates. James Armitage, D.D. for Ohio, N. Cent., and P.D.D. O. J. Shafer, both of Elyria Lodge; Harry D. Hale, Newark, Secy. of the O. State Elks Assn., and State Trustee Walter Penry and P.E.R. Maurice Magly of Delaware, O., Lodge, were among the 252 members and visitors in attendance.

The meeting was followed by an elaborate turkey dinner after which about 40 members of Marion Lodge formed a party and proceeded to Kenton, O. There they joined in the celebration of the Golden Anniversary of Kenton Lodge No. 157.

Below are members of the "L. Eugene Thebeau Class" who were initiated into Bath, Me., Lodge recently. P.D.D. Thebeau stands behind the elks head.

### Allegan, Mich., Lodge Celebrates Its First Anniversary

Allegan, Mich., Lodge, No. 1621, celebrated its first anniversary at the Griswold Memorial Building in Allegan on March 28. The program was opened at 5:30 P.M. with a parade led by the Tiefenthal Marching Band and featuring a line of new cars loaned for the occasion by local dealers.

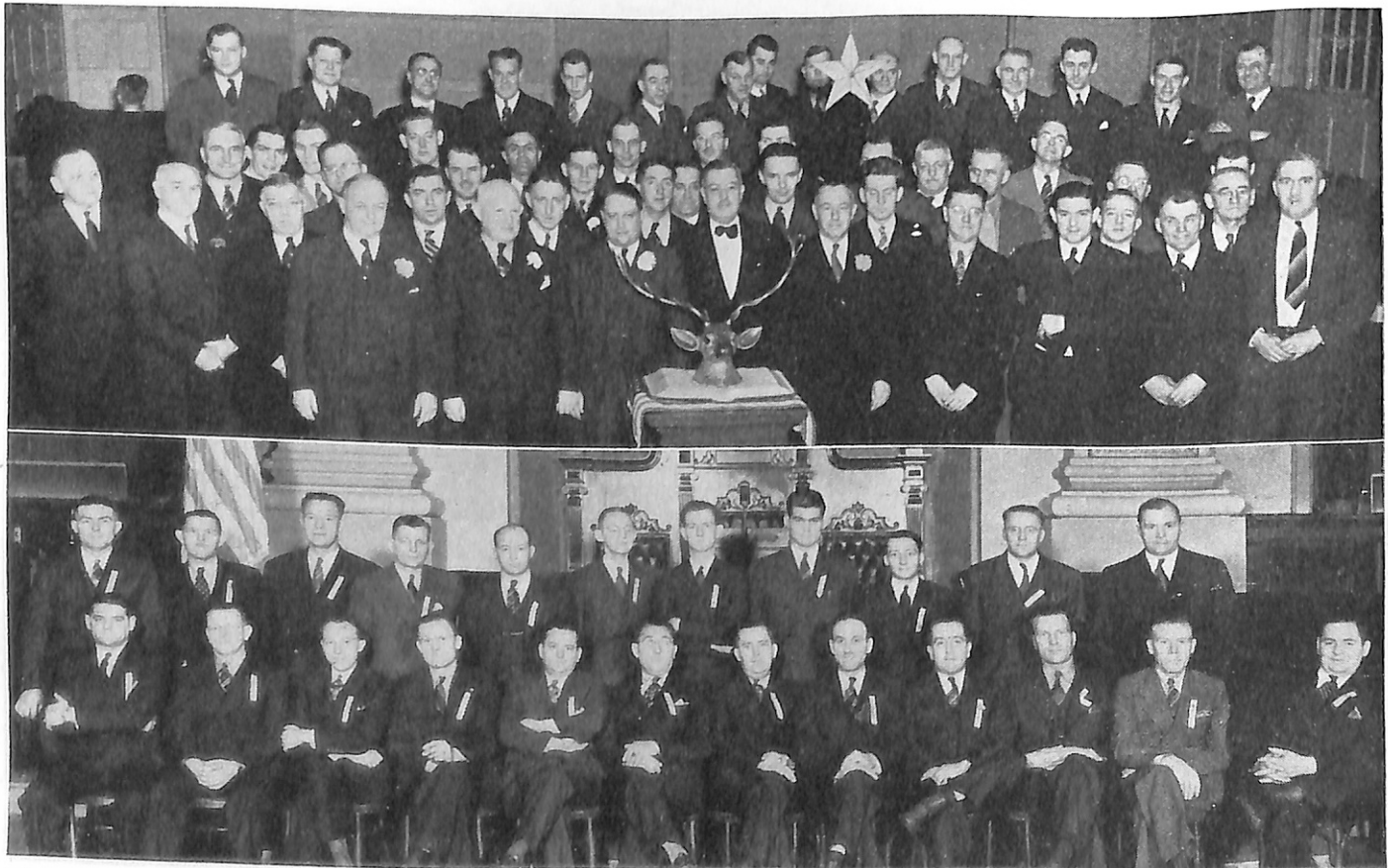
The highlight of the evening was the work of the National Championship Drill Team from Lansing Lodge No. 196. Delegations of Elks were present from Chicago, Ill., and Muskegon, Jackson, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Lansing, Mich. The local lodge was congratulated by D.D. John T. Hickmott, of Kalamazoo Lodge, on the fine record of accomplishment established during its first year as a member lodge of the Order. A dinner at The Stable and Preston's Restaurant preceded the celebration.

### Distinguished California Elks Visit Santa Maria Lodge

The President and a Past President of the California State Elks Association have been guests of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, on recent occasions. In the presence of about 80 members, the lodge initiated a class in honor of Pres. Elmer B. Maze of Merced, and Mr. Maze delivered an address of special interest to the new members. An old-time "Jiggs Dinner" was served.

Past Pres. George M. Smith, of San Jose Lodge, was the guest of honor on April 4 at a turkey dinner. Musical selections entertained during the lodge intermission. Mr. Smith installed the new Santa Maria officers, assisted by P.E.R. Joseph F. Rowan, San Luis Obispo.

At bottom is the "Henry Clay Agnew Class" which was initiated by the officers of Seattle, Wash., Lodge into Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge.



Right are the winners of the 1940 Willamette Valley High School Drum Majorette Contest which was sponsored by Salem, Ore., Lodge.

Below, right, are prominent members at one of the Ohio State Elks Assn. quarterly meetings which was held in the home of Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge.

### Beckley, W. Va., Lodge Reports A Year of Remarkable Progress

Due to seven months of cooperative effort on the part of the membership, Beckley, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1452, closed the lodge year with a record of remarkable progress. On March 13, the secretary was able to announce that all debts, new and old, had been paid, and the treasurer reported a substantial balance in the bank. More than \$500 was spent in the past six months for charity, and from the Shoe and Stocking Fund 85 needy children of Raleigh County were supplied with shoes. Donations were also made to the Elks' Ward at the hospital in Milton.

On September 13 of last year, when the new lodge quarters were officially opened and a class of 42 candidates was initiated, the work of rehabilitation was begun in earnest. Through other initiations, reinstatements, transfers and dimits, the membership rolls showed an increase for the year of 184 members, all in good standing. The home has all of the facilities of the modern club, while the lodge room, fifty by eighty feet, affords ample room for fraternal and social functions.



### Pocomoke City, Md., Lodge Progresses During Its First Year

Pocomoke City, Md., Lodge, No. 1624, is progressing rapidly toward the membership goal set when the lodge was instituted in June, 1939. New members have been initiated on practically every meeting night. A class of eight was initiated at the last meeting of the lodge year on March 28. The Building Committee announces that arrangements for occupancy of the recently purchased lodge home are practically completed,

and the Captain of the Elks Bowling Team, entered in the Pocomoke League, reports a successful season. Should the team win the remaining set, the trophy will adorn the lodge home.

Pocomoke City Lodge entertained more than 200 Elks and their ladies from Crisfield, Salisbury, Cambridge and Easton, Md., recently on the steamer *Governor Harrington*. Dance music was furnished by an orchestra from Onancock, Va., refreshments were served, and acts of magic were presented.

(Continued on page 40)

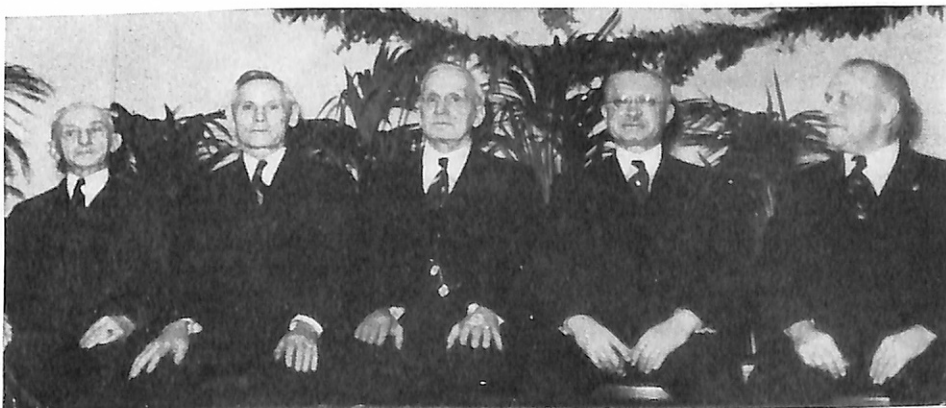
### The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1940

Association	City	Date
West Virginia	Charleston	May 30-31, June 1
Wyoming	Casper	May 30-31, June 1
Utah	Ogden	May 31, June 1-2
Mississippi	Jackson	June*
Missouri	Joplin	June*
Maine	Houlton	June 1-2
Iowa	Waterloo	June 1-2-3-4
South Dakota	Yankton	June 2-3
Indiana	Anderson	June 2-3-4-5
New York	Rochester	June 2-3-4-5
South Carolina	Columbia	June 4-5
Idaho	Twin Falls	June 6-7-8
Rhode Island	Providence	June 8
North Dakota	Dickinson	June 9-10-11
Nebraska	McCook	June 9-10-11
Oregon	Pendleton	June 13-14-15
Michigan	Jackson	June 13-14-15-16
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 14-15
Massachusetts	Pittsfield	June 15-16-17
Kentucky	Covington	June 16-17-18-19
Washington	Ellensburg	June 20-21-22
Connecticut	Meriden	June 29-30
Montana	Havre	July 25-26-27
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Annapolis	Aug. 4-5-6-7
Wisconsin	Green Bay	Aug. 15-16-17
Virginia	Norfolk	Aug. 19-20
Colorado	Walsenburg	Aug. 23-24
Pennsylvania	Washington	Aug. 25-26-27-28-29
California	Santa Cruz	Sept. 12-13-14
New Hampshire	Claremont	Sept. 21-22
Vermont	Burlington	Oct. 12-13

\*Date Not Yet Set

Above, right, are the five living charter members of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge who were present at the 40th Anniversary meeting held there. They are, left to right, Fred B. Schaller, George W. Renkel, Harry A. Smith, Walter P. Schwabe and George J. Micks.

Right are shown Elks and their ladies who were present at the ceremony of cutting the birthday cake when San Antonio, Tex., Lodge celebrated the Diamond Jubilee



### 3 Lives

(Continued from page 13)

they moved forward, bent forward—clumsy, animal shapes—and there was no sky, no barracks, no landmarks, but the snow and wind that burned the exposed skin of their faces as if they floundered headlong into the rage of a white furnace.

#### II PRIVATE O'CONNOR

THE cold, at first, was indistinguishable from the wind. It was the snow that most troubled them, freezing solid over their goggles, blinding them utterly, pushing and catching at their legs, as if they waded in a current more solid than racing water. When they managed to clear a bit of their goggles on a hunched shoulder, they saw one another for a second only as dim, shrouded shadows. Then they gasped and stumbled forward again like blind men, each shut hopelessly into the numbed central reality of himself.

The cold worked slowly into O'Connor's body like a drug, stumbling after Nason's grip on his right hand. His jaws were locked shut. To take even a deep breath through the nostrils was to bring a searing agony into the lungs. He had known all this before, many and many a time, but it was as if his weeks in hospital had made his hardened body forget its habits. And yet he felt no lack of confidence. He would win through as he always did. He knew more about this than any of them, even Nason, the young sobersides. He'd almost had to laugh at the anxiety in Nason's face. The boy was too solemn. He took things too hard—responsibility and duty and all that eyewash. Had Nason seen that he was not the first to answer his call for volunteers? Of course. It was only that he'd had a little trouble getting it clear into his head that it was Edith out there. It didn't seem like her to be needing help. She had always seemed so calm and sure, lifting him out of the fog of his delirium and pain with the assurance of her quiet. He had had trouble thinking of her face altered with fright. He had not understood how the others had been quicker than he, standing there waiting for him. Surely the curious sluggishness that lay along his muscles did not show in his actions. It was only lying so long in hospital. Action was

what he needed. This blizzard—

The stumbling men stood still together in a choking gust of wind and snow, waist-deep in a snow bank. Blindly and clumsily, they backed out again, clutching one another, feeling for the holes their own legs had made in the old crust. The screeching wind went over their bowed backs in a confusion of snow only a little less solid. They swayed and breathed lightly, afraid to gasp, unseeing, obeying some impulse pulling at their stiffened arms, some embodied purpose remotely at the head of their line.

O'Connor floundered dumbly, his thoughts numbing, only half aware of the locked grip on his right hand. It wasn't the loss of his stripes that had slowed him, either. His court-martial, everybody knew, was regimental routine. It hadn't meant a thing. "Guilty of allowing himself to be shot with his own service revolver." He heard the words plainly, in the lightness, the scalding dizziness of the snowy world and he would have laughed, only he couldn't open his jaws. It was silly. But he had been glad they thought it was an ordinary Kopeck Hill brawl, and not that Natasha had flared up at him because—No, he was through with Natasha. He was through with thinking about her, being torn by her. He had made up his mind to go home and get his discharge. Get away from Siberia. Marry Edith.

Yes, Edith. The good, calm girl. She was what he needed. It was Edith out here now, lost in all this—Edith, waiting for him.

He felt again, as if for a moment he had escaped from it, the searing, blinding savagery of the cold. He was glad to give himself to it, under the torn scream of the wind in the unseen sky, lifting higher as if they had not yet felt the worst. There was silence under it for him, deep in himself, like the enveloping snow. But for a while, feeling the hard jerk of Nason's arm, he fought against the pull. The freezing, the searing air in the lungs, the effort, the slow, racking effort of pushing forward, endlessly, endlessly, against the whole weight of the storm, was better than thinking. He had thought too much about—he was no damn' worrier. It was lying in hospital so long, he repeated to himself, that had got him down. He mustn't think about it. Think of Nason.

BENT over, ducking, stumbling, shouldering into the wind's edge, like broken glass, Nason was doing all right, even if he'd never learned to enjoy life. There wasn't a moment's unsureness in his hard arm. O'Connor made himself aware how Nason tested the drifts, backing out, jerking them straight, keeping them, floundering and freezing and blinded, on their direction, by something sure and right in his own head. O'Connor's own snow-trained senses, in moments of clarity, checked exactly with everything Nason did. That drift covered the old stumps. God, what a blast. Hold it, wait—don't breathe—don't give ground—duck—now ahead—that's the boy. That's the good lad.

Snow froze heavily over his goggles, masked his face, stopped his ears. Never mind. It wasn't his worry. It was Nason's. Like his kid brother, Nason was. Old sobersides, though. Never knew how to have any fun. Hold tight. But he was doing all right himself. He wasn't so old yet that he couldn't take it. Hospital, even, hadn't hurt him. He'd show 'em all, the ones who had taken his stripes. He was going better all the time. It was easier, the wind wasn't so loud or so cold. His chest didn't ache. His arms and legs weren't still. Edith would be looking for



"I'll say it's monotonous. I never dreamed you wouldn't be able to afford an incubator!"

him. She'd be glad he was doing so well.

But he couldn't seem to remember her face—the kind eyes. What color were they? Grey, he thought, of course, grey. They had been so kind. But he could see only black eyes, living and mournful, or fiery, and a mouth wide and burning that he had kissed.

Nason yanked with a great heave on his arm. He tried to open his eyes and shout back angrily at Nason to let him alone, but his eyes would not open, or he could not see. It didn't matter. All his energy was focussed on getting Edith's face clear, keeping it from turning back into Natasha's. He must.

Wind was a force like Natasha's, unrelenting, that he fought against; snow was no more searing than the tumult she wrought. If he did not think of her, she would not exist—she would never have been.

He said to her doggedly, "I've stopped thinking of you. Go away. Let me alone." It was strange how her dark eyes went on gazing at him, not angrily, not mournfully, just gazing, as if she had wondered what sort of thing he might be. The wide mouth in her starved face smiled a little, suddenly, with a gaiety she had, the vitality, that broke through her sadness. If he could only think of her angry and hard, because he refused to understand her. She would not go away.

It was not even curious that he moved in watery light, with no effort, around a bullet-scarred wall. He knew where he was now. Funny he hadn't recognized it before. He was back again up the railway lines, interpreting for the intelligence officer from American Headquarters. It was a tight place they'd got into, in the villages burned by Seminoff's Cossacks. You had to look out for the men slinking like wolves in the ruins, turning on anybody who might have food. The captain was back there, standing them off. O'Connor knew this wall. He'd been here before, and a fierce happiness sprang up within him that he'd been allowed to do it over again, right, this time. He knew now, utterly, what he wanted. She would be there, just beyond it now, where he had found her the first time among the blackened timbers, lifting her huge eyes defiantly to him as she crouched among dead men. He would cry out to her again, as he had done, that he was a friend, and she would come.

Snow darkness was a real agony about him, shutting him away and he shouted hoarsely to her to wait, to come back. With an incredible effort he snatched his left hand from something gripping it and pulled off his goggles to peer frantically through snow, for her face. There was only snow. And blackness. He lunged forward. He must reach her, he must tell her—he could not have

starve or go mad with fear and grief. He had not understood it could be like this, he told her. But now he would give up everything he had been, the things he had clung to. There was no more duty or hesitation or doubt for him but her face, hanging over him. She sobbed over the wound in his thigh, as it burned again, where she had shot him. Her voice was a great cry around him but he could not see her. He shouted and plunged forward, but she was not there. There was snow in his mouth and silence and blindness, where her face had been.

### III NURSE STANTON

SHE had turned back from the path up the last slope, among the crusted old drifts on the barren ground, when the wind changed. She had seen blizzards before. The first snow from the lowering, thick sky went by as hard and cutting as ground glass and the sound of the wind awed her. Half running downhill, still clutching her basket of things for those miserable creatures in the cave, she had tried to guess how much time she had.

There would be no chance of getting to the barracks, a good two miles off. She must keep her head and get quickly to the nearest shelter. There was an old bath house, she remembered. But it was off the track. She could see only a few yards ahead of her now and the path was being blotted out. She could

freeze to death in the bath house. She remembered the abandoned stables and found she could run more freely over the iron-hard, wind-swept ground. Her desperate, panting strides kept a core of warmth in her, like her own courage. Until presently, in a direction she could not have imagined, there was a shape of darkness through the dizzying snow wreaths to her left. She plunged at it, found a wall, a door, as the shrieking fury broke overhead.

She lay inside on the frozen earth floor until the ache in her lungs lessened. It was almost pitch black and the dead air stank. But she was thankful for the stout walls and shuttered windows. The match from her basket flared on piles of rotting hay beyond the gnawed horse stanchions. She remembered not to touch the verminous walls. The horses which had stood here had gone shaggily unclipped because of the cold, their hooves painted with kerosene against the crawling pests.

It would be a long, long freezing night. She must keep herself alive



"Now, dis is a very nice drink, only don't dilly-dally over it. It's apt to eat tru de glass."

her crying, the long, thin, hurt keen- ing that filled his ears.

She stood there, vaguely, smiling and holding out her hands. If he could just touch them, he would take her back to the city again and this time nothing would go wrong. He would do what she wanted, he cried out to her, and her glance fired him and made him glad, as no woman of all the women he had known and forgotten had ever done.

WITH a fine new lightness and ease he walked the dark streets with her, among the ghostly crowds. She was almost as tall as he and they walked together happily and he told her he would go with her, as she had wanted, and work for her people. He had not understood before why she must work for them, as her father had done, through exile and starvation. Her voice went with him like a rising wind as she told him how she loved him and how they would work together for the new way of living, fine and real and free, so that no one would be beaten again, or

until then. She would not have been here at all, in this strange, tortured Siberia, if she had not been independent, horizon-seeking, like her own people, who had made the long trek westward across the American continent and had endured.

WELL, she had her independence now, she thought, grinning a little.

If it had been a romantic idea to come here to help these men in uniform, of her own age and kind, this was the romance she had left, this filthy cold in which a woman could die quite easily if she stopped to enjoy the self-pity that was the weakness of her kind, that she was a woman and alone. She was alive now and had every intention of staying so.

She had, thank heaven, matches. If there were only something to burn. Hay. She remembered suddenly the tales her mother used to tell, when she was a girl and teaching country school in the long, freezing Minnesota winters. They had burned hay, because it was all there was to burn. They made hard, knotted twists of hay so it would not blaze away too quickly. If there was enough to last her now!

By the light of another match she saw there was a rusty sort of iron box with holes, this she could use for a stove. The hay was tough, with cutting edges, but with her mittens on she could manage.

Damp as it was it took fire with a good roar and the light leaped through the cracks and the smoke was fine smelling. It was a small spot of warmth, feeble and fleeting. The hay burned too quickly. She could not have twisted it hard enough. There must be some way of doing it better, as her mother had done.

Warmed a little, breathing quietly, she set herself to a regular routine, a path between the piled hay and the stove, patient, intent, determined. It was no good thinking of anything else, working at her hay, twisting, huddled up close.

The stable was solid, doubly roofed and banked with the drifts but she could still feel in its walls the shaking tremor of the storm outside. The cold seeped in, like icy poison, closer and closer around the small spot of warmth. She could feel the warmth on her face, and the cold on her back. Her regular tramping course from the hay piles to the point of light kept the blood going in her veins. She was already

tired. But there was no stopping, even for a little while. She could be a lot more tired and she would keep going, she knew, as one did in the wards on a bad night when men were dying. You could keep yourself going. The hay must last. It must!

She must not even drift into wondering if anyone had missed her or was thinking of her or would try to find her, at their own desperate risk. She must do this herself.

She had food in the basket and she was not hungry yet. Cold was her enemy and her battle and she would go on fighting it with this feeble fire and she would not think.

But if a man were now thinking of her, which one would she choose him to be? Thought crept sluggishly, like the blood in her veins, in spite of herself. Men were like this creeping cold—they invaded, they were dangerous and upsetting. They would not be kept out.

She saw herself bending over O'Connor and his eyes looked up at her from his pillow, handsome and haggard and compelling. A dangerous man, a hard man, reckless. A woman would do well to stay clear of him. She had guarded herself from his warming magnetism.

But when that woman, the refugee who had shot him in what wild orgy she herself could not guess, had sat by his bed, staring at him with her mournful eyes, staring at her with resentment for what she could do for him, she remembered a pang of real jealousy. O'Connor's face had turned to the Russian woman's inevitably as if, in spite of herself, some fire in her called to the vitality, the recklessness, in him.

She had ceased to be Nurse Stanton then. She meant to take him

away from this woman if she could. But had that been love? Was it enough to let one's life be twisted and re-shaped as O'Connor would do it, as she twisted at the hay?

It had been an exciting triumph when she had found his eyes following her, gratefully. The Russian woman had ceased to visit him. And when he was out, debonair and dashing again, and he took her to dinner, he had made her feel lovely and desirable among all women. It was something to be made to feel like that, in her bulky coat and her heavy shoes. She had been triumphant, sitting across the table in the smoky cafe watching him laugh.

SHE walked her dogged round, stamping her feet when the cold numbed them, never letting the small flame quite go out.

Men had noticed her more, because of O'Connor's attentions. Except Sergeant Nason. He had seemed only angry, as if she should have known better. Well, she should have. But it was curious how much she wanted to defy him. When he had forbidden her coming up here, yesterday, he had made her more angry than she had ever been in her life. Did he think she would take orders from him, or any man? That was what she fought, always. Their domination. It was different with O'Connor. He was exciting. He made her feel splendid. She'd like Nason to know she had come up here against his orders. She'd like him to know she was here, keeping herself alive, by herself. She wasn't so helpless as he thought her. She'd keep going, if only to prove it.

The fire had almost gone out. She must work faster, thrash her arms, stamp her feet, fight off the sudden queer feeling of being alone.

When the fire leaped again she sat drowsily idle for a moment. She was back at the cafe table where it was warm and there was none of this sharp anxiety merely to keep alive. It was good there, watching and listening to O'Connor, in spite of Nason's stern, bony face. She woke herself from a queer tumult, feeling tears on her face, silly womanish tears, for a security which she had lost before she had learned to value it.

She started up violently. The fire was a handful of embers and the cold lay on her like a dead weight. For the first time she felt the stab, the sharp pain, of fear. Suppose she could not keep this up? In panic, she began twisting hay again, listen-



"It's a muffler for my husband."

ing for the sound of the storm beyond. There was a sort of thumping along the wall.

The blast of snow and icy air from the opening door was like an explosion. A huge snowy bulk half fell toward her, dragging another. Or it may have been a log. She got the door shut and bent with that automatic, nurse's gesture, over the man lying with the faint light on his ice-stiffened face. She felt for the throat and chest. He was as hard, as irresponsive, as a fallen log. "Get him nearer the fire," she said to the other, not thinking if her English would be understood.

It was O'Connor, lying there with the caked snow melting on a face like yellow wax, under the black bar of eyebrows. Curiously, she was not surprised. It was as if having him back in hospital again, under her competent hands. She said, "Get me some snow to rub his face with," and started to unfasten the stiffness of his coat and tunic, hastily, to get to his heart. She could feel only the faintest movement.

It was Nason kneeling beside her, with a helmet full of snow. She had not recognized him and now the sight of his face was a shock, stirring her out of her long apathy. His eyes were sunk in his head with exhaustion. His hands shook. And what had been a crisp authority in his mouth was sodden, like the snow on his coat, into something nearing

despair. His eyes looked at her as if from a long way off.

"Nason," she whispered. "But it's you—I didn't—"

He said, hoarsely, "Don't stop rubbing. You're—all right—are you, Edith?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes. But you look—How are your hands?"

Something under her fingers in O'Connor's chest fluttered a little. "He's alive," she said, and massaged the heart.

Nason fumbled among his heavy garments. "I've got—some rum here," he said. She snatched the flask from his stiff fingers. The liquor spilled over O'Connor's sagging jaw. "He can't swallow," she said, desperately. "Hold it while I lift his head."

They crouched together watching the muscle move in the throat. "There," she breathed and let his head down gently. She felt Nason's whole body slump and tremble. "Drink some yourself," she ordered. "Here. How on earth—"

She had to hold the flask for him, his head for a moment resting on her shoulder. It was extraordinary, the feeling it gave her, to have him helpless there, a feeling of such glowing power that she almost laughed out loud.

The rum brought the color to his face and he jerked his head up, staring at her. "We were lost," he said vaguely. "I couldn't go—any more

—or drag him. I didn't know where I was. But there was a dead horse—in a drift, and I remembered where the stable was. Thank God, you're all right. Thank God. I couldn't think of anything—all the way—but your face."

His face wrinkled suddenly and she thought he was going to cry, like a beaten child. "You—wanted him," he said confusedly, "didn't you?"

She held a stiff hand of his, rubbing it, peering into his eyes, in the faint, dying light of the fire. He smiled at her vaguely and she saw how good his mouth was, and how under its habit of sternness. "I don't know," she said, "I—oh, but I'm glad it's you—so glad—so glad—it's all my fault—disobeying you—bringing you into this. I wanted to show you—I could get along—by myself. But—I can't—I—" Crouching there she put her arms fiercely around his hard, bowed shoulders, clutching him hard, as if she meant never to let him go.

His hands gripped. Life leaped warmly between them, in their incredulous, kindling faces. Together they could—"Look," he whispered.

O'Connor's eyes were open, staring blankly upward. His lips said, "Natasha—where—"

They must build up the fire. They must fight frantically still, their own battle against the creeping, deadly cold. But for another moment they waited, saying nothing, awed, united, reinforced. They had won so much.



## No More Glory

(Continued from page 7)

had crossed the border on the morning of August 1, 1914, thus violating Belgian neutrality. But the handwriting was on the wall almost from the beginning when Fortesque, Dick Davis and Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett were arrested as spies and held prisoners for eight days.

Will Irwin was arrested eight times within three months, twice by the Germans, twice by the British, twice by the French, once by the Belgians and eventually by the neutral Hollanders, but he finally got through with the story of the First Battle of Ypres, which was news to the world long after it was history.

In one of his two arrests by the Germans behind their lines, in Belgium, he was with Davis. As was usual in those days, all one had to do was say "Amerikaner" and show a passport. But Richard Harding Davis' vanity almost cost him his life because he had used a photograph of himself all rigged out majestically

in a Boer War British uniform. That was enough for the Germans. He was sentenced to be shot. But he talked them out of it. In the second arrest, Irwin was with Cobb, John T. McCutcheon, the *Chicago Tribune* cartoonist, and Arno Dosch-Fleuret. The three had taken a taxicab to see the war! But the war was moving toward them faster than they knew. There was a little shooting, some shouts, men going here and there, and suddenly they were in enemy territory with only Belgian credentials in their pockets. Harry Hansen, now Scripps-Howard book reviewer, was captured in another sector, and he, with Cobb and McCutcheon, were taken to Berlin, where they talked the German authorities into letting them go to the front again so that the German side of the war could be reported also.

At this time there appeared the first woman war correspondent. She was Mary Boyle O'Reilly. The Bel-

gians did not want reporters telling things in the early days of the war, and asked her to leave. She left. But immediately afterwards, she came secretly across the Belgian frontier from Holland, just in time to join the great exodus of thousands of women and children fleeing from the onrushing German army and the sound of heavy shelling. For two weeks Mary Boyle O'Reilly suffered the hardships of that retreat, living on carrots and raw cabbage torn up in abandoned fields, and sleeping on the bare ground—and getting her great story to the press the moment they were safe.

So passed 1914. And so passed the adventurous war correspondent. By 1915, Germany, France, Britain, Belgium and later Italy put the finger on the typewriting brotherhood. By the time our American press corps went to the front everything was cut, dried and powdered for us. We saw little, heard little, were told

little, and had to make mountains of news out of molehills of information for weeks and weeks. Those of us who did not have cables to file daily went to the trenches and slept in the mud and heard the "kitchen stoves" crash down on the dugouts, sometimes burying our men alive. But the others had to rush to the front—over impassable roads filled with men and material moving forward—and returning at night, in the dark, without lights and against the traffic, in order to get to cable's end. It was terribly, unheroically routine for the majority.

When General Pershing organized his press section, which was limited to twenty-one correspondents (and my credentials were No. 21), some of the biggest names in journalism were included. Will Irwin, Irvin S. Cobb, Heywood Broun, Martin Green, Damon Runyon, George Pattullo, Floyd Gibbons, Wilbur Forrest, Wythe Williams, William Slavens McNutt, Webb Miller, "Spike" Hunt and Herbert Corey were there. Arriving later were Edwin L. James, now managing editor of the *New York Times*, and Westbrook Pegler. They were all great names but the great days were over. It was no longer possible to move about, to see anything, or, most important, to cable anything. If one, somehow, managed to evade the censorship, he was sure to face military discipline. When Wythe Williams, who in 1917 had seen the French lose positions in a day they had fought for for months, found French politicians interfering with the military, reported mutinous feeling in the French army, and wrote a great story for *Collier's* about it, he was not only recalled, but was slated for death by Clemenceau and would have been shot if he had been anything but an American.

ONCE in a while the Davis flash lit up the war. There was the famous Belleau Wood battlefield where Floyd Gibbons and some of us crouched in the wheatfield and went in with the Marines, feeling like old style heroes, but that didn't last long. Three bullets got Gibbons, one through the arm, another through the shoulder and the third ripped his eye right into his hand. He lay on the field until dark and then an ambulance driven by Patterson McNutt got him, and within two hours he was on an operating table in the American hospital—our first hero.

On September 13, 1918, I had a chance to pull my first "Dick Davis." What I did was "capture" St. Mihiel. The Americans had been blasting the sector furiously and when our doughboy chauffeur on that morning somehow blundered right into Chauvencourt, all my artist friends—Ernest Peixotto and Wallace Morgan—and I had to do was to walk across the Meuse into St. Mihiel, whence the Germans had lately departed. The population had never seen an American uniform before and wel-

comed us as saviors! There were speeches, dancing in the village square, kisses on both cheeks and lusty huzzahs, a reception at the city hall, more speeches, a general holiday. General Pershing, General Petain, Secretary of War Baker and the rest of the correspondents' corps fought their way over trenches and broken roads and arrived in the afternoon. The townspeople were completely worn out from entertaining us and by the time the big shots arrived there wasn't a peep left in the place. The one triumphal entry of the World War, so far as the Allies were concerned, turned into cold potatoes. I have always felt very sorry that I got there before General Pershing. He was entitled to the honor and it really did us very little good.

I have no doubt that each of the twenty-one members of the press section had his own adventures, his own dramatic tales to tell, but most of the time we were safe in towns or in the trenches. I remember vividly the morning Paris was first shelled and how I fled back to the front line where I knew about shells and was much safer. My nearest to death, in fact, occurred Armistice Week, or after the war was over; it was also my biggest and best story, but it was no longer a war correspondent stunt.

IT happened that Armistice Day some of us thought that we could cut through the restraint of army regulations and censorship and engage in the old-fashioned game of fighting for scoops. Lincoln Eyre, Herbert Corey, Cal Lyons and myself started out to interview Hindenburg. We got there, too. And old Hindenburg said in answer to my question about who really won the war that "The American Infantry in the Argonne won the war". He hastened to explain that the British blockade was equally responsible, and that the Allies had Germany at a standstill; that soldiers would understand how the balance of power was broken. He added that on the morning of July 18, 1918, in Villiers Cotterets woods where the First and Second American Divisions (including the ubiquitous Marines who had 62% casualties) and the Moroccan Division of France, with the Legion Etrangere, attacked and broke the German line, he knew the war was lost to Germany. And then the American troops attacked in the Argonne. "From a military point of view," old Hindenburg told me, "the Argonne battle as conceived and carried out by the American command, was the climax of the war and its deciding factor. . . . Without the American blow in the Argonne we could have made a satisfactory peace at the end of a stalemate. The American attack decided the war."

And then Hindenburg wept. "*Mein armes Vaterland*," he cried and rested his head on the desk.

My colleagues had left me to go to

Berlin. I went to the station at Cassel, and, while waiting for a train, saw the real German revolution. I saw German soldiers shoot and kill their officers—in fact, one of them fell, bleeding to death, over my feet as I lay on my stomach to escape the miscellaneous shooting, and it was here, after a year of the World War, that I came nearest to being killed.

It wasn't until I got to Madrid in 1937 that I realized completely the change in war stories first noticed in 1917, as compared to Davis, Marshall, Creelman yarns about Cuba, Manchuria, the Russo-Japanese War, the glorious, glamorous, galumphing past. In 1917 General Plummer had told me war had become a matter of "grinding the enemy into the earth", killing and terrorizing, and not leading bayonet charges and waving flags and writing thrilling news, as in the days of my childhood. The business of the war correspondent had become prosaic, limited, unromantic in the days of my youth—the World War. And now, a "veteran", I found in Spain the signs that an ultra-modern war would take the last shred of adventure and Dick-Davisism out of the profession, and at the same time increase its danger a thousand-fold.

Day after day, during bombardments of Madrid, I thought that if one of the big shells aimed at the Telefonica, the one skyscraper built by the American company which operated the Spanish telephones, should fall short, as many did, and hit the Hotel Florida, it would kill or wound the entire corps of war correspondents, which included Ernest Hemingway; Herbert Matthews; Martha Gellhorn; Josephine Herbst; Henry Gorrell; John Lloyd, and George Jordan of the A.P., and Paul Mowrer's son Richard; the famous British scientist, J. B. S. Haldane, who was doing a temporary reporting job, and twenty others—French, British and Americans, all of whom preferred to live at this hotel in danger than in safety farther away from the center of events.

WE were hit by little shells. That no big one got us is just an accident. That airplane bombs smashed whole blocks in the next street is another accident. The one alarming fact about the Spanish War, and the lesson we learned from it was that there is no longer safety for a civilian, for a woman, a child or an old person, in a war, that the next would be what Ludendorff called "Total Krieg" or universal war in which no one would be spared, no one would be safe. Not even the war correspondent.

In the first days in Spain it was still like the first Belgian days in 1914; like all the previous wars, it was a field day for the war correspondents, but stabilization of the front brought the usual censorships and

(Continued on page 41)

# Wonder whatever became of...?



Did his classmates lose track of him? How could they? He was the sort of friend that all of us would want to keep . . . mostly because of his understanding slant on life and people and things. He was active in athletics, yet his studies never suffered . . . nor did overwork cheat him of recreation and relaxation. Light-hearted, yet serious when problems faced him . . . always master of his worries. He avoided idlers, but added constant-

ly to his circle of sincere friends. He was courageous without being reckless, confident without being cocksure . . . moderate in all things. Everybody said he'd make good. . . . He has.

\* \* \*

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# Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

## Pittsburgh, Pa., Elks Provide Entertainment at Institutions

The Sunshine Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, entertained the children at the West Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind in March. More than 200 enjoyed the program which featured vocal and instrumental music with comedy relief for the amusement of the children. The members of the Committee in charge were P.E.R. Steve Forrest, Chairman, Leo Coleman, John Carter, M. Wess, J. J. Flannery and P.E.R. Walter Dailey.

On April 17, a party was given by the lodge for the disabled war veterans at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Aspinwall, Pa. A group of actors from Pittsburgh theatres, cafés, and radio stations, presented a three-hour vaudeville program. Music was furnished by the Elks orchestra.

## Spring Meeting of the Elks National Home Golf Club

With the statement that the Elks Home Golf Club of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is the only golf club in the United States embracing a membership representing every State in the Union, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and also honored with an active player 91 years old, Patrick Henry Calhoun of Atlanta, Ga., P.E.R. Samuel H. DeHoff, of Towson, Md., acting as temporary chairman, recently called the Spring Meeting of the Club to order. The club members then proceeded to elect Orin L. Gordon, of Robinson, Ill., President, Michael J. O'Donnell, Prescott, Ariz., Vice-President, and George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va., Secretary-Treasurer. As a fitting tribute, they elected Mr. Calhoun Honorary President. As soon as the season opened up, the "boys" went to work in earnest, chasing the elusive pill around the course in their endeavors to lower their scores.

## Warsaw, Ind., Elks Hold Several Parties

In accordance with its annual custom, Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802, on April 4, entertained the basketball team of the local high school. Tony Hinkle, basketball coach at Butler University, Indianapolis, made the principal talk and George Fisher, Warsaw coach and a member of the lodge, was among the school officials who spoke. Dave Rankin of Warsaw, football captain of the Purdue Boilermakers for 1940, was an honored guest. R. O. Nusbaum acted as Toastmaster and P.E.R. Louis H. Breeding headed the committee in charge. More than 250 attended. Another annual event was the Easter Egg Hunt given for the pleasure of the children of Warsaw, which attracted about 500 boys and girls. Prizes were presented to finders of gold and purple eggs placed here and there among the 1,500 colored eggs hidden among the trees and shrubs of the city park.

A few weeks later the lodge held a "Gay Nineties" party. More than 350 Elks and ladies attended, attired in costumes of the era. Arrival of the guests was treated in regular Hollywood première fashion, with broadcasts, flood lights and a large gathering of spectators. An appropriate entertainment program and a dance were features of the evening.

## Providence, R. I., Lodge Reports Progress During Past Year

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, has completed another successful year. Outstanding among its charitable activities, for which, as usual, a considerable amount was spent, was the sending of 98 youngsters to a boys' camp for two weeks. The Activities Committee and the officers, headed by E.R. H. Edgar Walton, worked diligently, and when the lodge year closed the summing up was highly satisfactory from all angles. Winter indoor activities were climaxed by a week's carnival, held in the auditorium of the lodge home, with automobiles being given as the principal prizes on the final night. The proceeds of the carnival added several thousands of dollars to the treasury.

A recent patriotic program attracted a large assemblage of members and visiting Elks. The address was made by a member of Pawtucket Lodge No. 920, J. Howard McGrath, U. S. District Attorney for Rhode Island. The new Exalted Ruler of Providence Lodge, Walter J. Friel, has planned an ambitious program for the year, featuring both indoor and outdoor activities.

## Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Holds Annual Veterans Night

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, holding its fourth Annual Veterans Night, was host recently to about 400 members of various veterans' organizations. Attorney Charles F. Blackstock, P.E.R. of Oxnard Lodge, delivered an address on Americanism. Several selections were rendered by the Canadian Bagpipe Band. Games and a buffet supper followed the meeting.

As his first act of the year E.R. George Giovanola, assisted by his officers, acted as installing officer for the Santa Barbara Antlers Lodge. The Antlers are looking forward to a successful year, as there is excellent co-operation among the officers and members. Paul Davis, Exalted Antler, Sol Wallace, Lead, Antler, Steve Berscik, Loy, Antler, Edward Rowe, Lect. Antler, Ferdie Leonello, Recorder, and Douglas Russum, Treas., are all active in lodge work, and all are members of the State Championship Antlers Basketball Team.

## Successful Charity Minstrels Held By Bozeman, Mont., Elks

The large cast of the Charity Minstrel Show, presented on March 29-30 in the High School Auditorium by Bozeman, Mont., Lodge, No. 463, played to an audience of more than a thousand people. The lodge plans to use the proceeds for worthy causes as the need arises. Because of its outstanding success, the show will be made an annual event. The members of the Minstrel Committee were E.R. H. E. Morris, Dean Chaffin, Director, and F. C. Tassett and Jack Cruikshank, Advertising and Business Managers respectively.

Lodge affairs are decidedly on the upgrade. Past Exalted Rulers Night brought out an excellent representation of the membership, and attracted visiting Elks from Livingston and Havre, Mont., and Bismarck, N. Dak. P.E.R. Joseph Brooks, of Livingston Lodge, D.D. for Mont., East, spoke on Americanism.

## Governor Holt Burns Mortgage At Charleston, W. Va., Lodge

Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, burned the mortgage on its lodge home on March 19, celebrating the event with an elaborate program, part of which was broadcast for forty minutes over Station WCHS. The principal speech was made by P.E.R. N. A. Barth, who had spent a great deal of time in compiling records from which he presented a comprehensive history of the lodge from its beginning. An Elks lodge in Charleston was organized in 1893, but the charter was surrendered in 1900. Charleston Lodge No. 202 was instituted in 1903. The first Exalted Ruler, A. D. MacCorkle, is still an almost daily visitor at the lodge home. The Governor of West Virginia, Homer A. Holt, a member of No. 202, and the Mayor of Charleston, P.E.R. D. Boone Dawson; P.E.R. Dr. Robert K. Buford, Past Pres. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R. M. K. Hearne, officiated in the burning of the mortgage. To Gov. Holt fell the honor of touching the match to the paper.

Fully 600 persons attended the celebration, which was regarded as a red-letter event. On that day the lodge emerged free from debt of every kind for the first time since 1903. This does not mean, however, that money was not being spent. The property was purchased in 1905 for \$2,500. The value of the lodge home today is estimated at \$200,000. The program was followed by a Dutch Supper "on the house". E.R. Dewey E. S. Kuhns presided during the celebration, which was concluded with a talk made by former Attorney General A. A. Lilly, a member of Charleston Lodge.

## East Chicago, Indiana, Lodge Loses Treasurer Through Death

Shortly before the death of George H. Lewis, of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, the members elected him Treasurer for the 16th consecutive term, in the hope that he would regain his health and again be among them. Mr. Lewis, however, succumbed to a heart ailment. He was 67 years of age. Burial took place at his former home in Hammond, Ind., the ceremonies being arranged by his fellow Elks and performed by the East Chicago officers.

Mr. Lewis was for many years a prominent figure in the business and civic life of the community. As President of the local Chamber of Commerce, he devoted much time to the commercial and industrial development of the twin cities. He was a former Mayor of East Chicago.

## Mount Carmel, Pa., Lodge Honors Original Members

Eighteen original members of Mount Carmel, Pa., Lodge, No. 356, were honored at a recent meeting, and at the same time the lodge celebrated the 33rd anniversary of its institution. Invitations were sent to all out-of-town and former members, resulting in a general reunion.

Ladies were invited to attend the social affair held after the regular lodge session. A dance orchestra was on hand, refreshments were served and special entertainment was presented, arranged for by the committee in charge.

(Continued on page 52)

## No More Glory

(Continued from page 38)

limitations, and the changed character of war itself brought death to many.

One who escaped it so narrowly that for a year it gave him nightmares, is Hank Gorrell of the United Press. On October 25, 1936, there were rumors that General Franco's troops had arrived at Aranjuez, fifty kilometers from Madrid, on the Valencia road. Now, in the old days the correspondent would go in safety to the scene, or take an official's word for it, or say "it is reported" and let it go at that, but today the public demands the verified truth, and insists on an eyewitness account, not rumor. As Matthews later said, "It has been axiomatic in this war that nothing can be learned with certainty unless one goes to the spot and sees with his own eyes." Gorrell felt it his duty to see with his own eyes. He got a taxicab, a small American flag, a Filipino chauffeur and went to find the front. By following a military truck full of soldiers, he got there. But there was an ambush. After the truck had turned over three times and the Franco gunners had finished with it, the machine-guns turned on Gorrell's Ford, and several small tanks advanced on him.

Gorrell threw himself into a ditch, rolled into a culvert and lay waiting. A tank came up, raised its front above the culvert and began to descend on Gorrell. In another few seconds he would have been crushed to death, but the tank slipped, and a minute later Gorrell was pulling a frantic tank-driver out of an overturned tank, and handing him back his big army revolver.

The tank-driver gave the Italian salute. Gorrell, born in Italy, the son of an American opera singer who had sung there ten years, spoke in Italian, but automatically gave the Madrid salute. Whereupon the Italian grabbed him.

THEN came another encounter with death. Thirty barefoot Moors, rifles in hand, came running toward him. They evidently intended to kill him, since they took no prisoners, but so eager was each for a share of the loot—wristwatch, belt, pen, glasses, money and gold cuff-links—that they began fighting before finishing-off their victim. This took a few minutes. When an Italian officer on a horse appeared, Gorrell was able to convince him he was a neutral newspaperman, and the Moors were called away. At headquarters Gorrell found James Minifie of the *New York Herald Tribune* and Denis Weaver of the *London News Chronicle* who had had a similar experience. All the Spaniards with them had been killed by the Moors.

Not one or two, but at least a score of journalists were killed in the small Spanish Civil War—the so-

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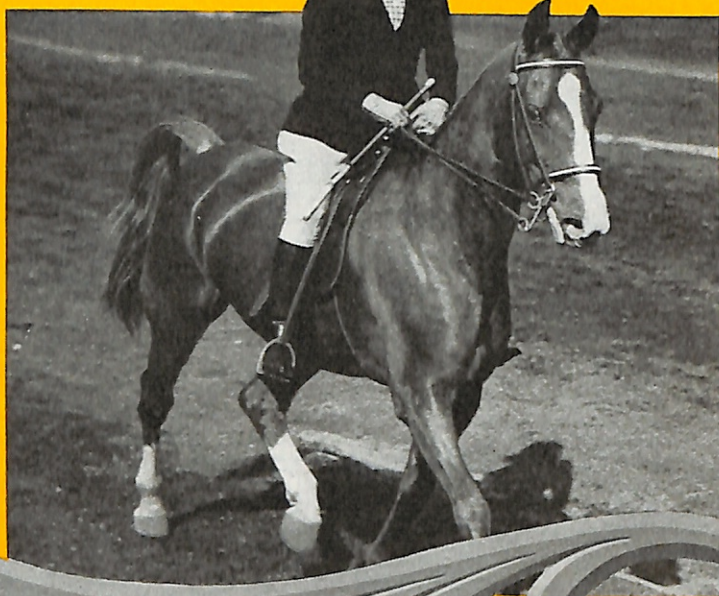


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called dress rehearsal for the Second World War.

Edward J. Neil, Jr., of the Associated Press, Bradish Johnson of *News Week* and Richard Sheepshanks of Reuters Agency were killed by a shell in the town of Caude, just north of Teruel, the important town they were attempting to enter after Franco had reported its recapture, New Year's Day, 1938, and the Loyalists had insisted it was in their hands. The *London Times* man, who did not sign his name, told the story of how shrapnel had come down on all the press cars parked in the public square. He himself had suffered head wounds and had been treated in a hospital, and it was fortunate that a dozen other war correspondents were not hit. The only other American war correspondent to lose his life was James Lardner, son of Ring Lardner, who gave up being the representative of the *Paris Herald* and joined the Loyalist International Brigade. Hemingway wanted him to stick to reporting. He said to Lardner, "I tell you, in this war you do not have to write any propaganda for the side you believe in. All you have to do is write the truth and be there where you can write it. That is the most difficult thing to do." In fact, it is so difficult that it is becoming impossible. But Lardner went to war; he was captured and killed.

Three journalists were executed on the island of Majorca early in the war. One, Guy de Traversay of the *Paris L'Intransigeant*, was not inimical to the forces holding the island, and his paper in fact was sympathetic, but he made the mistake of arriving by airplane, and he and his companions were taken from the landing field and shot immediately as spies.

Louis Delapree of *Paris Soir* was having a battle of his own with his newspaper. He wrote that "the death of a hundred children is less interesting to the press than one sigh by Mrs. Simpson". He decided to return to Paris rather than continue as war correspondent who got nothing published the way he wrote it; and although he went by a diplomatic airplane belonging to the French embassy, he was shot down and killed. Pierre Brachet, one of the editors of the Belgian *Le Peuple* was killed near Madrid. And Russian, German, Italian and several South American as well as numerous Spanish journalists and war photographers were killed or wounded in Spain without so much as a one-line story in the American press. Death of a war correspondent was becoming commonplace.

Sandro Sandri, an Italian journalist who hoisted a Franco flag on the Basque government buildings in Bilbao, was later killed by Japanese bombs on board the U.S.S. *Panay* during the Sino-Japanese War and James Marshall of *Collier's* was severely wounded. Pembroke Stephens of the *London Telegraph*, who in

1934 reported that Germany was secretly arming and who was deported on the ground that he was not telling the truth, whereas in fact he had a scoop on the truth, was killed while watching the fighting in the Nantao quarter of Shanghai, November, 1937. Anthony James Billingham and Hallet Abend of the *New York Times* were wounded on the Nanking Road, August 23, 1937, during a Japanese bombardment which killed two hundred and wounded four hundred and seventy-five. Morris J. Harris, Associated Press chief in Shanghai, had two narrow escapes, one with Billingham and Abend, the other on the 14th, when a thousand Chinese were killed in another aerial bombardment. J. B. Powell of the *Chicago Tribune* was struck by fragments of a shell which smashed his car on the 26th of that month.

SO if you think that a war correspondent's job today is adventurous beer and romantic skittles, you're mistaken. It was once, but it can never be again. And don't judge merely by Spain and Ethiopia and China—these were but skirmishes compared to 1939 when the totalitarian war which Ludendorff urged and predicted was unloosed against Poland, and censorship enveloped the world.

Everything is against the war correspondent. Both sides learned before 1918 that silence is a weapon. The British never let anyone write about their attacks on the German submarines, never published a word about their freighter losses, although the enemy was showing moving pictures of them. They once permitted Philip Gibbs to write an innocent story describing some soldiers bathing in what had been an exploded mine filled with dirty water, and two days later the Germans shelled every old mine shown on their air photographs. That taught England the only safe way was to mention nothing. General Pershing let us name the U. S. Marines once, but afterwards we were never again allowed to identify that heroic corps. In Germany a newspaper which reported that the band of a Prussian Guard regiment had played at a social function was found to have betrayed an imminent offensive, and the censorship increased month by month as the war grew older.

And now the American public has grown suspicious of war news, even when it is official communiques. It may be taking sides, but it doubts all despatches, except eyewitness accounts of trusted men, and therefore demands that the correspondents give first-hand truths rather than second-hand propaganda. In Spain it meant risking one's life, not once or occasionally, but every morning before or after breakfast, and in Poland there were ten thousand times as many shells, and a thousand times as strict a censorship.

And what was the result? Of the powerful German march from the frontier to Warsaw, the first real test of motorized infantry, the first great

experience of massed airplanes fighting in conjunction with infantry, the first "blitzkrieg", or lightning war, not one eyewitness account was published anywhere. Neither German nor foreign war correspondents were permitted to see the war or write about it. From the Polish side, one American writer beat his way into Romania and wrote a personal account of what had happened in Warsaw, but it was stale news by the time it reached America. Many persons said they were thrilled when a radio broadcaster in Warsaw interrupted himself to let us hear the sounds of approaching airplanes and falling bombs, but this was decidedly old stuff for millions who had listened to the Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia stations for two years. And so the Germans overran Poland on ten-word official communiques and no stories.

It was even worse in Finland. True, the newspapers were filled with what passed as news, and some of it was alleged to be eyewitness accounts, but when the war came to an end there were confessions all around. No one had been near the front, no one had seen anything at all, it was mostly dope handed out by Finnish officers and officials—and the Finns were mild censors compared to other nationalities.

Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune* cabled that "old-time newspaper correspondents"—he meant my colleagues of Pershing's corps—"say the war in Finland is the first war in many years without war correspondents. It probably is. No correspondents, so far as I know, have seen the troops in action . . ." Leland Stowe cabled the *Chicago Daily News* that it was "an almost unprecedented secret war, and what correspondents see is most carefully restricted . . . I have never been within hearing distance either of rifle or artillery fire . . . No correspondent knows more than a fraction of what has happened . . . I have never seen as many as 500 Finnish soldiers in any one place." And again, "On the Finnish front we have war without war correspondents. . . . Circumstances compel us to report all important military engagements either at second hand or after the event. . . . We are probably the only war correspondents of this century who have had to try to report two months of fierce and fluctuating hostilities without getting within hearing distance of gunfire more than two or three times at the most. . . ."

And from the Maginot line up to Summer, 1940, there has not been a peep. In other words, whether there is great action or no action, it is all the same: there is no reporting; no eyewitness story; in fact, no story.

I have no doubt the war correspondents will see and hear great things, but how are they going to conserve their lives in the midst of battles and yet reach a cable or radio station, and pass through the new-style or "totalitarian" censorship? Perhaps an airplane painted with a big United

States flag, just like our passenger liners, might be used to fly over the battlefields, but who can imagine either side's permitting it? And when I think of television, I am positive that if it will ever be used successfully in battle, it will destroy the last traces of the traditional war correspondent. It was easy for H. V. Kaltenborn to let us hear the shells of the Battle of Iron bursting in 1936, but the day the public can see as well as hear a battle, the war correspondent will receive his *coup de grace*, he will be replaced by an expert mechanician. It will be the last triumph of the machine age.

Outside the wounding of two famous correspondents, there were no press casualties in Cuba. The enemy there was disease. Stephen Crane and Frank Norris died within a year or two after the war. Disease still is a hazard in a campaign such as the Ethiopian, but is of no account in Europe. The First European War was all mud and censorship, still little danger of war correspondents who were able to go from the trenches to Paris in one day and write pretty much as they pleased within the rules. But all that is now changed, and the international war of propaganda is on, and the rule that no news is the only news has been enforced on both sides. In the Spanish War no less than fifty war correspondents were deported by the Burgos government because they tried to put things over on the censor, but in the Second European War with the lives of millions in danger and a violation of secrecy made treasonable, deportation—frequently welcomed—will be replaced by sterner punishment. Censorship, intimidation, perhaps, at times, death itself, have now laid the dancing spectre of the Dick Davis tradition. I am certain that there will still be some great stories, a few great scoops, which will thrill the world, and I wouldn't be surprised to find myself at the front again—but as for the tribe of heroic war correspondents, all that can be said now is, Hail and Farewell.

#### Editor's Note:

AS this issue went to press, news was flashed to the world of one more tragic death which stood out even in the midst of Europe's greater tragedy. Webb Miller, whom Mr. Seldes has mentioned in his article, known to all America for his books on European affairs even more than for his corresponding, was found dead in an English train yard. Reportedly, he fell from a moving train, which he had just boarded during the blackout, and was hit by another train. German propagandists seized on this as an excuse to accuse the British Secret Service of ending Mr. Miller's life because he had reputedly divulged military secrets. Webb Miller is just one more in the long list of men who have given their lives reporting the news. His death can be called a casualty of war just as surely as that of a soldier shot down in battle.

# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 21)

ter, Minn., and Des Moines, Waterloo, Ames, Fort Dodge, Boone, Mason City and Marshalltown, Ia., Lodges. About 300 Elks attended. Mr. Warner was introduced by E.R. Frank R. McKisick who had previously introduced the President of the Iowa State Elks Assn., Arthur P. Lee of Marshalltown; State Trustee C. J. Remley of Ames Lodge, and D.D.'s Howard M. Remley, Mason City, and Arthur D. Bailey, Fort Dodge. The keynote of the Grand Exalted Ruler's address was Americanism, but he also took the occasion to congratulate the lodge upon the fact that it is housed in a debt-free building, and also to praise the ritualistic work as performed by the Webster City officers. On the afternoon of the 20th, preceding the Webster City meeting, nearly a hundred Elks gathered at Boone, Ia., Lodge, No. 563, to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Warner's next visit was made to Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, the home lodge of Claude E. Thompson, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., for the celebration on Thursday, March 21, of the lodge's Fortieth Anniversary, which was attended by nearly 500 Elks from various lodges in Indiana. The ritualistic team of Frankfort Lodge, several times winner of the State championship, initiated a class of 40 candidates in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. The anniversary banquet was a feature of the program and Mr. Warner gave a fine patriotic address. Grand Secretary Masters, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich., and D.D.'s John H. Weaver, Brazil, Ind., and Dr. Leo J. Keim of Marion, Ind., were among the prominent Elks in attendance.

DeKalb, Ill., Lodge, No. 765, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Warner at a dinner-dance on March 26. The attendance was large and the affair very enjoyable. P.E.R. Willard A. Thompson, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner on this visit. Dr. Thompson appointed Mr. Warner Esquire of Dixon Lodge during the term he served as Exalted Ruler.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, acted as host to the Grand Exalted Ruler on March 28. The lodge home was crowded with local members and quite a few visiting Elks. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor

of St. Louis, and D.D. Ernest W. Baker, P.E.R. of Washington, Mo., Lodge.

From St. Louis Mr. Warner proceeded to Flint, Mich., accompanied by Mr. Small, Grand Inner Guard, and the District Deputies for Michigan East and North, J. B. Cunningham of Flint and William R. Davey of Negaunee. The party was greeted by a large welcoming committee and taken for a tour of the city, stopping to inspect many of the huge automobile and industrial plants. Visiting Elks arrived in chartered buses from all parts of Michigan. Niles, Kalamazoo, Detroit, Pontiac, Midland and Mount Pleasant were among the lodges represented. At 6:30 a dinner was held at the home of Flint Lodge No. 222 after which one of the largest classes initiated in Michigan in the last ten years was inducted into the Order. The class of 152 members, assembled under the energetic direction of P.E.R. Dr. Henry Cook, Chairman of the Membership Committee, included the Chief of Police, one Circuit Court Judge and many executives and professional men. Mr. Warner was the principal speaker at the meeting.

Early on Saturday evening, March 30, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a dinner held by Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, in his honor and also in honor of the Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. The large and enthusiastic delegation of members of the Order, headed by D.D. John H. Weaver, which had greeted Mr. Warner at the Terre Haute station, escorted him to Brazil, Ind., after the dinner. There the party attended the post-Easter Dance given by Brazil Lodge No. 762. At the end of a delightful evening, Mr. Warner returned to Terre Haute and on the following morning he was escorted by officers and members of No. 86 on a tour which included visits to the Glenn Orphans Home and the Elks Fort Harrison Country Club. At 11 A.M. an initiatory meeting was held in the lodge room. In addition to the local candidates, new members were initiated into Bloomington, Greencastle, Martinsville and Brazil Lodges. Mr. Warner spoke at the banquet which followed the ceremonies. At 2:30 the magnificent new Y.M.C.A. building in Terre Haute was dedicated. Members of the lodge and their guests, headed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, attended the services in a body. Will H. Hays, of the motion picture industry, delivered the dedicatory address. Mr. Hays is a charter member of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911.

At the request of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, P.E.R. of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, Mr. Warner acted as Exalted Ruler and installed the new Moline officers on April 4. Judge Thompson acted as Esquire. The occasion also served to celebrate the reorganization of the lodge, a successful refinancing having recently been accomplished. A reception, held in the parlors of the lodge home for Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Judge and Mrs. Thompson from 5:30 to 6:30 P.M., was followed by a delicious smorgasbord spread prepared by members of the Ladies Auxiliary. During the meeting and installation ceremonies, the ladies and other invited guests were entertained at cards. The evening ended with a dance.

Grand Exalted Ruler Warner officiated in the 39th installation of officers of his home lodge, Dixon, Ill., No. 779, on April 8. A large representation of the membership was present to witness the services. Retiring Exalted Ruler Walter M. Smith was commended on the success enjoyed by the lodge during the past year. A fine increase in membership was shown. Merton M. Memler is the new Exalted Ruler. William Nixon was installed as secretary for the 29th consecutive time.

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge, No. 500, was host to the members of the Indiana North Elks Association at a two-day meeting Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14. A large delegation of Elks, headed by the band from Orak Temple Shrine of Hammond, Ind., welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler at the station Saturday evening. Accompanying Mr. Warner were Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, and Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small. A dinner was held at the Hotel Lembke with Grand Lodge officers and officers of the Ind. State Elks Association, the Indiana North District and Valparaiso Lodge in attendance. A cabaret party at the lodge home followed the dinner, enjoyed by 250 persons. Every lodge in the District was represented at the Sunday morning business session. All of the State and Grand Lodge officers were present, and Joseph M. Cooke, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., was a visitor. At 12:30 a turkey dinner was served, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on Americanism. Following the address, Attorney Edmund J. Freund presented Mr. Warner with an electric chime clock, acting on behalf of Valparaiso Lodge.

## Brother, Go West

(Continued from page 15)

holds the center of the incredible stage. Not always "every hour on the hour", but at least every hour and twenty minutes, true to its affectionate name, heralded by what might well be the dry beat of bass drums in Valhalla, the strong, white volume of steaming, hissing water rears itself lithely toward the blue of the sky—a breath-taking sight.

Old Faithful, however, is not the only geyser in Yellowstone, for Yellowstone is one of the three spots in the world where geysers are known to exist. There are geysers in Iceland, in New Zealand and in Yellowstone, and for number and beauty those of the Yellowstone are said to hold first place.

Indeed, superlatives belong to Yellowstone, for within its limits the

strangest wonders of nature abound—hot springs with their mineral waters, paint-terraced hillsides in all the colors of the spectrum, Fountain Paint Pot tossing brightly colored clay into the air—and it takes little imagination to believe that blue flames dart beneath the shimmering surface of Firehole Lake.

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is a sublime sight which definitely should not be missed. The sheer sides of the gorge, lavishly futuristic in their changing hues of wine, lemon, amber and cobalt, carry the eye to the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone River in the distance, pouring over its precipice in a silver cloud.

This year, for the first time, it will be possible to explore in comfort the greater Yellowstone region. A new road, through Sunlight Basin and over Dead Indian Hill, leads into the wilderness north and east of the park proper.

Off to the northwest, in Montana, lies more wilderness—in Glacier Park. Among stern and rugged mountains, with glaciers among their peaks, overlooking valleys carved long ago by other glaciers, runs the Continental Divide. At Triple Divide Peak, waters come to the parting of the ways and flow, some to the Arctic, some the many miles to the Atlantic and some to the Pacific's quiet blue.

In a summer tour of the Northwest, mountain climbers will by all means want to include Mt. Rainier, the proud, white peak, supporting eighteen glaciers, which the Indians called "the mountain that was God". Like all the highest peaks of the Cascades, Mt. Rainier was once a fire mountain which flung bright beacons toward the coast.

Even to one who never held an Alpine stick, Rainier is an unforgettable spectacle. Shod in thick, dark pine forests, between its base and the ice which crowns it, the mountain wears a girdle of vivid wild flowers, a girdle jewelled with gentian, Indian paint brush, lupine, red heather.

If that turn taken so long ago in Colorado had been to the left instead of to the right, happy travelers would by this time have gazed upon Mesa Verde, that lasting record of an ancient people. It is not difficult to imagine the surprise of two roving cowboys when, in 1888, they chanced upon those communal homes, which, scientists estimate, were sheltering prolific households about 1200 A.D. From the plateau, these cliff dwellings of hundreds of rooms may be seen cut into the wall of the canyon. What was the race which built so palatially and so lastingly is not known. The dwellings are a mighty monument to a forgotten civilization.

Southeastward, across the state line into New Mexico we come upon the subterranean marvels of Carlsbad Caverns. They are bewildering in the variety and perfection of their formations and are, without question, the most famous caves in the world. Our National Park Service has made great progress in the past few years in providing for the comfort and convenience of visitors to the Park which is located in the rugged foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains. A 25-mile state highway connects the Park with the city of Carlsbad, from which the Caverns take their name,

and the road passes through some of the most scenic and picturesque country of the southwest.

To the west of Mesa Verde in Utah, you will visit two National Parks—Bryce Canyon and Zion. These two parks are in a fairyland of color, etched and chiseled and cut by erosion into the color-saturated rock layers of southern Utah. The things about Bryce Canyon that will fascinate you are the weird rock formations that rise in countless numbers from the canyon depths, and the brilliant colors with which Nature has splashed them. Perhaps the Indians—who once roamed through this country—described it as well as it can be done. Their name for Bryce was "bowl-shaped canyon filled with red-rocks standing up like men."

It is for the Grand Canyon, however, that amazement and awe that is almost reverence must be kept. This canyon, which has been called "the most sublime spectacle in the world", is really a series of connecting canyons, with the Colorado River a slim ribbon winding through them a mile below the rim. In the clear Arizona sunshine stretches the vast chasm, flaming purples, reds, pinks and blues. The colors shift and change with the everchanging light like overwhelming chords of music played upon keys of stone.

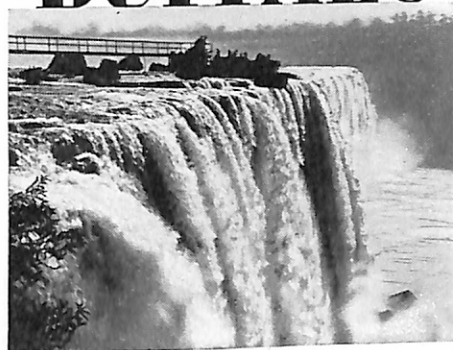
**A**PART from the sheer, unbelievable splendor of the Canyon itself, magnificence carved from the rocks, there are enough points of interest as well as of beauty to cram days and even weeks. Motor roads run beside the rim, and across the canyons is caught the glint of the Painted Desert. On the rim are ancient Pueblo dwellings, and on the cliffs, cliff-homes of Navajo Indians. Travelers with steady heads will take the mule trip down the zig-zag trail to the twilight depths of the gorge, there to spend the night. There are riding trips to Point Imperial and to Mt. McKinnon, and in Bright Angel fishermen may cast for knowing mountain trout.

California, ever a happy summer hunting ground, offers a new park this year. Kings Canyon is almost wilderness now, and wilderness it is to remain. It includes General Grant Park and Redwood Mountain, where may be found by the thousand the huge, impressive Sequoia trees. Only one highway, not yet completed, will run through the Canyon, and there will be no princely resorts. For this summer at least, explorers of the high, rugged reaches of the Park must take to a horse. Eventually there will be mile upon mile of riding trails, with here and there a simple shelter.

The mention of California parks, however, will always bring to mind the world-famed beauty of Yosemite, a mellowed beauty of fifty this very summer, carved in vanished ages by glaciers from the bare granite of the Sierras. Guarding its portals stands mighty El Capitan. Five great

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waterfalls leap from the high precipices of the gorge, among them Yosemite Falls, dropping, silvery and fragile, for over two thousand feet, and the delicate Bridalveil. Above the valley rear tall mountain peaks, holding close to their jagged hearts clear Sierra lakes. To be seen are groves of California's giant trees, many of them thought to be thou-

sands of years old, and stands of sugar pines that are the finest in the world. Rain falls seldom in Yosemite in the summer, and warm, sunny days are followed by refreshingly nippy nights.

Whether one or many of the parks are visited during the summer holiday, the trip through the West can abound with interest from the first

day until the homecoming, filled as the region is with strangely named, historical spots, reminiscent of a picturesque pioneer life, of courageous men and women who broke the trail. Be there never a streamer on the car or an Indian moccasin in the suit-case as a souvenir, the beauty and the wonder of such a journey can never be forgotten.

## Screwball Saga

(Continued from page 9)

given minor-league game—anywhere.

Most people, in thinking of baseball attendance, make the mistake of visualizing ecstatic mobs jamming the Yankee Stadium, Wrigley Field, Fenway Park, Briggs Stadium, the Polo Grounds or Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. The other, seamier side of the picture shows that the average crowd at a minor-league game is less than 1000. Schacht's average is more than 4500.

The man who bills himself as the clown prince of baseball played to 32,152 fans at Jersey City in 1938, the largest crowd in minor-league history. Last July, in his first appearance on the Pacific Coast, Schacht envisioned himself laying a large egg in public. Breaking into strange territory, he opened at Seattle, leading the Coast League, playing the last-place Oakland club, an affair which figured to draw just enough for a chummy bingo game. So 17,000 citizens clutching money in their grubby fists stormed the gates and the 5,000 who were turned away petitioned the Seattle management to book Schacht for the following Sunday. He pulled 6,700, Vancouver's largest crowd since 1913, through the turnstiles and set fifty records on an itinerary of 50,000 miles. He covered almost the entire route by car and drove practically every mile himself, although he employed three chauffeurs. Two couldn't drive, he presently discovered, and the third got homesick and brooded for three months. The fellow, who also acted as a stooge in the act, absent-mindedly broke the master's nose when he neglected to retain a firm grip on a water-bucket. He also introduced a glib stranger to the boss who turned out to be a process server, but Schacht never got around to firing him.

"The guy was Fred Farro, who once was an umpire in the Cape Breton Colliery League," Schacht explains gravely. "I was afraid to talk back to him because I thought he might fine me fifty bucks, just on general principles. They always did."

It is to be feared that Schacht was more the persecutor than the persecuted. Once, in Buffalo, he rode a horse from the bull-pen to the mound in making a triumphant entrance as a relief pitcher. On another occasion he represented the winning run in the ninth for Jersey City against Buffalo when he reached first base

through some minor miracle. He was so overcome by the sheer wonder of it all that he wandered off the bag in a gentle trance. The pitcher made a quick throw to first base, guarded by Hooks Wiltse, the old Giant pitcher, and Schacht made a leap for life with his spikes waving in Wiltse's face.

Ball and runner hit the dirt simultaneously, and imagine our hero's unbounded delight when he discovered he not only was safe, but that the ball was safely snug under the seat of his pants. While Wiltse plowed around frantically looking for the ball, Schacht slipped it into his hip pocket. He arose leisurely, dusted himself elaborately and then feigned astonishment at Mr. Wiltse's dire predicament.

As if struck by electric inspiration, Schacht dashed for second and roared into the bag in a cloud of dust. Seeing that Mr. Wiltse still was lost in the switches, he tore for third with a swooping hook slide. Once again he arose, peered intently across the diamond. While strong men blanched at the fellow's incredible daring, the amazing Alexander broke for the plate!

He neared the promised land with the crowd giving him body english every step of the tortured route. He made it in majestic grandeur on the same seat of the pants which secreted the missing ball.

"We win!" he gasped to Umpire Bill O'Brien.

But the ham in Schacht betrayed him. His last slide was too exuberant. It dislodged the ball from his hip pocket and even as he watched in silent horror, the ball rolled between Mr. O'Brien's ample feet. He still can't understand why his run was ruled out for interference and, particularly, why the customary fine of fifty dollars was levied.

Such riotous episodes made screwball a synonym for Schacht in the working vocabulary of baseball fifteen years before Carl Hubbell broke out with his left-handed version of Christy Mathewson's fade-away. Only a few of Schacht's intimates knew of his wistful eagerness to be a straight man, a great pitcher. Perhaps it's just as well that he was led astray by his gift for gags. As a pitcher, he would have been forgotten ten years ago. As a buffoon, he is the most colorful personality in the game. He is the only man dispensing his

particular brand of nonsense; there are no competitors in sight, and more's the pity.

There never has been enough showmanship in baseball, a game inherently rich in drama and comedy but always cluttered up with deadly grimness and formality. Schacht reminds thousands of fans throughout the country that baseball is, after all, only a game upon which the fate of nations does not hang. The proof of his fundamental appeal is to be found in the fact that he could not fill all the engagements offered him in five years of steady trouping.

THE man is a low, slapstick comic, yet—and this will surprise him—he really is an artist in his own right. Whether or not he was the originator of slow-motion action in the flesh—as he claims from watching movies of Helen Wainwright, an Olympic diver in 1920—is relatively unimportant; very few can equal his mastery of this difficult *tour de force*.

His theatre is the spacious ball field, but he has the genius for planting immediately in the mind of the audience exactly what he proposes to do. With one prop, a single gesture, Schacht informs the fan in the distant bleachers that his next gag will be a take-off on the Louis-Schmeling fight, Gertrude Ederle swimming the English Channel, the Lenglen-Wills tennis match, a phony wrestling bout, a swell-headed pitcher or the same gent getting slugged for a homer with the bases filled. He has a repertory of 150 one-man acts done in pantomime and all are conveyed with an unerring instinct which does not permit a false move to detract from the climax of his punch finish.

The funniest part of this screwball saga is that Schacht really could pitch. Baseball men always have been convinced he is touched in the head and the clincher for them is the way he belittles his serious efforts. He is the only ball player in history who has taken liberties with the truth for the express purpose of giving himself all the worst of it.

In one of his first professional games, in 1912, Schacht pitched for the Chicago team in the United States League, a forerunner of the Federal League, and struck out the first seven men he faced. Now, many of the athletes in the short-lived U. S. League were collecting money under false pretenses, but they could make

motions suggestive of bona-fide professionals and they did carry bats up to the plate. He always was crazy—to pitch. He worked both ends of double-headers four times in 1914 for Newark and he did not sour on the iron-man stunt until he suffered the agonizing experience of laboring eighteen innings without getting a run from his associates. Buffalo beat him by scores of 5-0 and 1-0 on September 11, 1915.

Few pitchers, pixillated or prosaic, ever had a better year than Schacht did for Jersey City in 1919. The ball club, showing remarkable restraint, won the grand total of forty-eight games all season and Schacht personally accounted for nineteen, ten by shutouts. The feat of winning ten scoreless games, incidentally, is the one outstanding achievement Schacht refuses to ridicule. For many years he insisted it was an International League record and had it recognized as such in the archives, until a spoil-sport, properly cynical of any legitimate claims made by our hero, dug into old box-scores. Research revealed that Joe McGinnity once pitched eleven shutouts in the International League. Schacht was furious; he always is when he is confined by facts.

He will go to any extreme of self-abnegation for the sake of a good story. One of his very best tales concerns his American League debut in September, 1919. As Schacht tells it, he reported to Washington in Detroit, and Lefty Courtney, who started for the Senators, held a 2-1 lead going into the ninth inning. (Ed. Note: Was there ever a baseball anecdote which did not have its dénouement in the ninth?)

Courtney suddenly fell apart at the seams and before he could be gotten out of there, he had been hit for the tying run, had filled the bases and had pitched three balls and one strike to Harry Heilmann, the batter, with Ty Cobb on deck and Bobby Veach in the hole. All this with none out. Schacht was visited with an overpowering nostalgia for bucolic Jersey City when he was called in from the bull-pen to relieve Courtney. The three Tiger outfielders had a combined average in the exclusive neighborhood of .370.

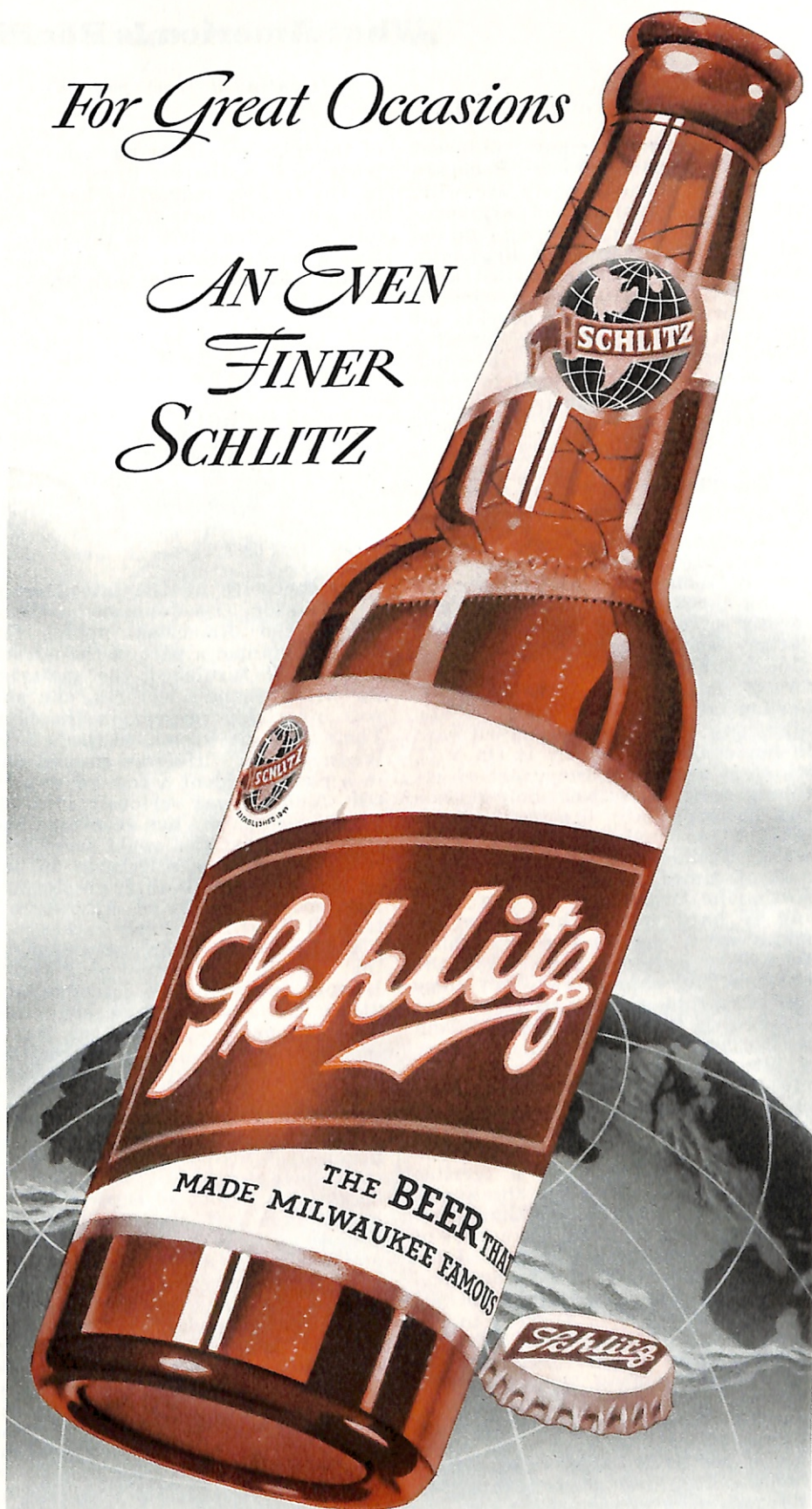
The Washington infield held a brief council of war.

"Get it over," Captain George McBride ordered tersely. He meant the ball, of course, for a fourth wide pitch to Heilmann would force home the winning run. McBride should have been more explicit. Schacht got it over, all right. When last seen the ball was rebounding off the distant fence. Schacht was terribly, terribly hurt when McBride gave tongue to several remarks, all derogatory, in the clubhouse. Schacht thought his captain's order referred to the ball game, not the ball.

It's a good story; it would be better if it happened to be true. The box-scores show that Schacht did not face Detroit in 1919.

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# What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

paper represent many different phases of human character. Some are honest and misled, others are wily, avaricious, cunning and argumentative. The principal events in the tale are the kidnaping of Benjamin, who has been writing pacifist articles, and the intrigues surrounding his return. However, the novel is not the book of one character but of a whole segment of society, in which the wives are not the least interesting and important. It takes a little patience to read it, but it well repays the effort. (Viking Press, \$3)

## The Elusive Katharine Brush

YOU'VE been reading Katharine Brush's stories, of course—"Young Man of Manhattan", "Red-Headed Woman", and the rest, and seeing them in the movies, and following accounts of her glamorous career, and maybe you believe, as I did, that she just tosses them off between visits to her dressmaker, or, pardon me, her couturier. But that's all wrong, as Katharine herself says in her confession, "This Is On Me", which is an entirely new sort of autobiography, since it not only reveals the subject's daily life but includes bits of her fiction—samples, as it were. Well, in this chatty, alluring and at times rollicking give-away, Katharine Brush tells us that writing is hard work; that there are times when she can't get anything to jell, when plots won't jump the obstacle and characters won't come out of hiding, making us think that she doesn't toss it off after all. And worse yet, she says she doesn't care a bit for the so-called glamorous night life of New York; she likes her sleep, and she doesn't know everybody, and isn't seen everywhere, and she has given up the endless visits to the dressmaker's as a terrible waste of time. And yet she knows New York's ways better than most writers and is on to all the curves of celebrity hunters, poseurs, night-clubbers, lionizers, diners-out and also-rans. She has some sagacious remarks about New Yorkers in her book, saying that "they are the world's worst listeners, although the more polite among them have developed a listening look of almost passionate intensity. They dislike introductions and they avoid them. They positively shun a guest of honor. They talk poverty, but they do not believe themselves or one another. They pay too much for everything and they know it, and they sputter, but they are really rather proud of it than otherwise. They wouldn't live anywhere else". About herself Miss Brush is just as frank. She proves to us that even a facile and successful writer has to deliver her stories on time to stern editors, and that bills and the first

of the month wait for no man. The portrait of Katharine Brush painted by the fashion magazines has made her an exotic personality, but her own confession gives us the truth—just a hard-working girl who made good. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.75)



AS the wife of the late Martin Johnson, Osa Johnson has been before the American public for years. She had a part in the adventures that furnished the material for her husband's lectures, and she was invariably present in the film. Their airplane was called Osa's Ark. When Martin's life was snuffed out in a plane accident a few years ago, Osa Johnson was seriously injured, but as soon as she had recovered she announced that she would carry forward her husband's lectures on her own. They were both from Kansas. Her book, "I Married Adventure", tells all about their lively career.

F. Trubee Davison, president of the American Museum of Natural History, says in his introduction: "Here the watchmaker's boy from Independence, out in Kansas, meets the Santa Fe engineer's daughter from Chanute, plain people from the prairies". They certainly built a career on experiences in far-away lands. On that and hard work. It is inconceivable that any two persons could have remained before the public so long, welcomed eagerly season after season, if they had not developed a hobby and an opportunity and worked hard at both.

Martin Johnson's first taste of foreign adventure came when he accompanied Jack London on the famous *Snark*. This made such an impression on him that when he returned to Independence, Kans., and went into the motion picture business, he called his theatres *Snark No. 1* and *Snark No. 2*. Years later, when Martin and Osa reached the port of Api in the New Hebrides, they recognized the former *Snark*, which had cost Jack London about \$30,000, in a dirty recruiting ship, swarming with greasy natives.

The story of how Martin and Osa grew with their job is a highly personal one. They covered a vast terrain, made friends with many strange tribesmen and took pictures of men and beasts, bringing back their films for exhibition in the

United States. They knew no fear, and they made no great point of being in danger spots. They learned to fly and landed their airplanes in strange parts of Africa that had never served as landing fields. Osa tells the most entertaining stories about their adventures among head hunters, tree climbers and other strange tribes. The story of how Martin filmed a herd of elephants coming head-on is characteristic of his enterprise. He sent Osa up a banyan tree, then kept grinding until the herd was about thirty feet away, when he swept up camera and tripod, climbed the tree and pulled the camera up with him. Then, while the elephants tramped about the tree, he continued taking pictures. He made a whole career out of that and he had the good fortune to marry a girl who loved every minute of it. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$3.50)

DR. SVEN HEDIN has won a great reputation for his researches in the Gobi desert and his explorations in the vast, desolate regions of outer Mongolia. With the mind of the scientist and the eye of the eager investigator he sees more than the surface aspect of places, reaching back into their history and recreating an idea of the life once lived in barren wilds. His latest book is "The Wandering Lake", in which he describes, in his customary careful manner, his exploration of the Lake of Lop-Nor, in the Sin-kiang district, in 1934. This is a wandering or alternating lake, meaning that it changes its bed because of mysterious natural reasons not clearly understood by science and completely unknown to historians. The lake was near the great silk road of the ancients and around it were vestiges of a civilization of 2,000 years ago. Marco Polo saw the lake, or rather the site of it, in the 13th century, when it appeared to be "the great Lop desert". To show how changes on the earth's surfaces and deviations in the courses of rivers affected the location of the lake during thousands of years was no easy matter, but Dr. Hedin accounts for it scientifically, yet makes a most entertaining and illuminating book out of his expedition. He even found the graves of people who had lived there thousands of years ago, and unearthed a princess, now a well-preserved mummy, took note of her attire and decorations and restored her to her grave on the top of a mesa. In youth and old age he has visited the interior of China and his book opens our eyes to a strange world, ancient, eroded, swampy, often a sandy waste, which may, he thinks, bloom again as the great roads of the future span these lands. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.75)

# 1940 Convention Program

(Tentative)

## Sunday, July 14

Churches. Special services. Rev. J. W. E. Airey, Chairman. Trapshooting. Houston Gun Club. Traps open for practice for those entering contest.

Sightseeing Trips. Sightseeing buses will leave the Headquarters Hotel, the Rice, every day of the Convention at regular intervals for a tour of the residential districts, the parks, and the ship channel turning basin, terminating at the Long Reach Compress where special demonstration of Cotton Compressing will be staged.

3:00 P.M. Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, District Deputies and their ladies will leave the Turning Basin by boat for a trip down the Houston Ship Channel to San Jacinto Battle Grounds. The party will visit San Jacinto Memorial Shaft and tour the battle grounds.

7:00 P.M. Party will dine at the famous San Jacinto Inn, noted throughout America for its fine food.

## Monday, July 15

Trapshooting. Traps open for practice. Houston Gun Club. Golf. Brae-Burn Country Club. First qualifying match, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., Sidney Van Ulm, Chairman.

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest to be held in Shrine Temple Auditorium. M. A. DeBettencourt, Chairman, Local Arrangements.

Open House. All day in the shaded grounds of the Gulf Brewing Company, brewers of Grand Prize Beer.

Special trips to San Jacinto Battle Grounds. Special buses will leave on regular schedule from Headquarters Hotel, the Rice.

Specially arranged entertainment at Night Clubs, Theaters and the Museum of Fine Arts.

8:00 P.M. OPENING CEREMONIES, SAM HOUSTON COLISEUM. Reception and Musical. All Elks and ladies to be guests of the Grand Lodge. Open to the public. Special entertainment.

## Tuesday, July 16

10:00 A.M. National Elks Trapshooting Contest. Many important prizes at the Houston Gun Club.

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest continuation at Shrine Temple.

1:30 P.M. Second qualifying match of Golf Tournament. Brae-Burn Country Club.

Open House. All day in the shaded grounds of the Gulf Brewing Company, brewers of Grand Prize Beer.

Skeet Contest. Main Skeet Club.

Sightseeing Trips.

Specially arranged entertainment at Night Clubs, Theaters and the Museum of Fine Arts.

2:30 P.M. Band and Drill Team Contests at Buffalo Stadium.

6:00 P.M. Old-Time Southern Barbecue at Buffalo Stadium. Free to all Elks.

8:00 P.M. Night double-header baseball game at Buffalo Stadium. Free to all Elks.

## Wednesday, July 17

Ritualistic Contest continues at Shrine Temple.

Final playoff of Golf Tournament 1:30 P.M. Many prizes, including the John J. Doyle \$2,000.00 Perpetual Trophy.

4:00 P.M. Tea and Style Show for ladies at Brae-Burn Country Club under the direction of the ladies of Houston Lodge. Mrs. Joseph F. Meyer, Jr., Chairman.

3:00 P.M. Glee Club Contest. C. J. Atchison and Vernon Farquhar, Co-Chairmen.

8:00 P.M. Patriotic Elksdom on Parade. Night parade. State floats, military and naval units, bands, drill teams and all the famous Texas High School Girl drill teams. Sam W. Becker, Chairman of Parade Committee.

10:30 P.M. Grand Ball and reception in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner in Sam Houston Coliseum. Fine music and special floor show. W. W. Short, Executive Director, Chairman.

## Thursday, July 18

Sightseeing trips continue.

Special entertainment for Elks and their ladies at all Theaters, Night Clubs, etc.

Beach Party at Galveston with bathing beauty contest.

10:00 P.M. Mexico City post-Convention Tour via Missouri Pacific leaves Union Station.

NOTE—Bring your Golf Clubs, riding togs and fishing tackle; also your swim suits. Golfing, riding, fishing and surf bathing are tops in Texas.

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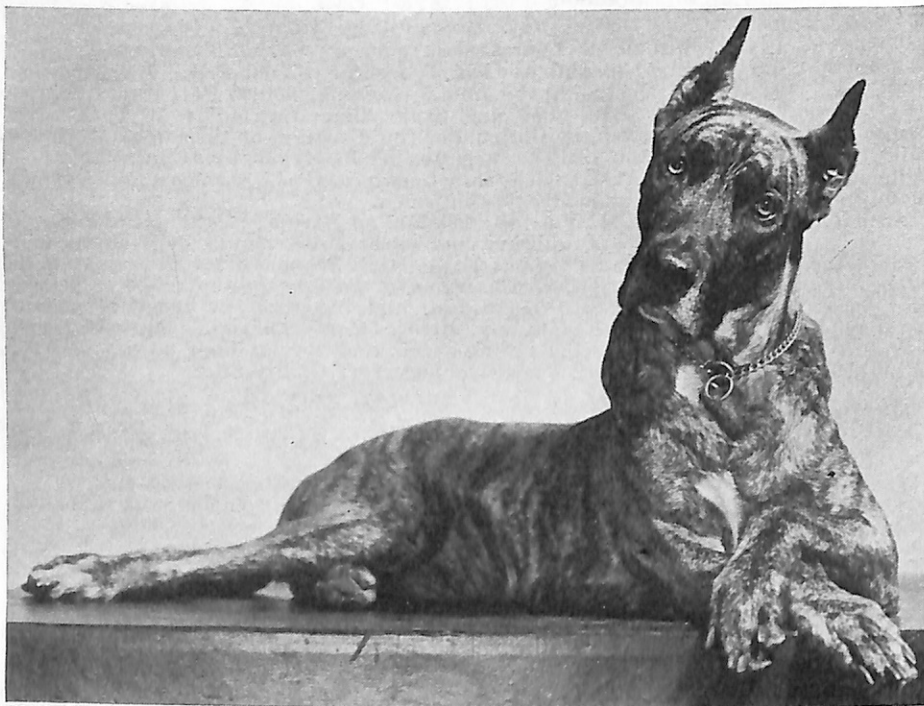
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# Your DOG



Black Star

by Edward Faust

## How to Tailor Towser

SHE didn't say as much, but we gathered from her letter that thirty days in a concrete mixer would be small punishment for the man who sold her the dog. It was a wire-haired terrier, trim and neat from hocks to whiskers when she bought him, but within a few months he began to look like a canine scarecrow. Despite the fact that this breed is so widely known, there are still some people who, like our correspondent, are not aware that this type of dog requires a bi-annual barbering without which it becomes as disheveled and rough-coated as a bear after a long, cold winter.

In fact, all dogs, whether mixed breed or pure-bred, need to be groomed regularly which, as the dictionary says, is "to make neat, smart and tidy". Not only for aesthetic reasons should this be done, but for reasons hygienic as well. The dog's ideas as to what is clean or unclean are not those of a human being and because of this and the fact that he's close to the ground, his coat in consequence accumulates dirt from day

to day. Furthermore, the grooming has a healthy effect on his skin and coat, too.

Now it is not our purpose here to go into the fine points of prettifying the dog for the show ring which is both an art and a science and not at all necessary for the owner of a household pet to know.

But there are a few simple things that can be done to keep your dog "neat, smart and tidy" that require little time and still less skill and to do this only a few tools are needed, most of which can be bought at any

five-and-dime store. First among these will be your dog's brush. This should be a stiff-bristled affair with the business side having bristles about 1/2 inch long for short-coated dogs and about one inch long for the wire-haired and long-coated kinds. Incidentally, for the latter variety a softer bristle is best; something a little stiffer than your own hair-brush. Next, we'll get a pair of scissors. No, we're not going to raid Aunt Hettie's sewing basket as her scissors have sharp points and when using them we might puncture the pooch. Instead we'll buy the round-ended kind that Mr. Woolworth sells at the toy counter but we're going to be sure that they have good cutting edges. For another dime, or is it a nickel? (we've forgotten) we'll get us a comb and see to it that the points are blunt; if they aren't we'll make them so as most dogs, liking to be scratched, have strong ideas about being lacerated. For the simple grooming of the house dog one of those celluloid combs with widely spaced teeth at one end and finely spaced at the other is plenty good enough. The coarse teeth to be used for combing long coats, the fine for whiskers and finer body hair. Incidentally, never comb a dog when he is wet; you may comb out too much hair. If the coat is badly tangled use your fingers to separate the strands, never use the comb.

If it's a short coated animal, then we don't need a comb.

For a few cents more we'll buy a small piece of chamois which makes an excellent polishing cloth to bring out the sheen in all but the wire haired variety of dogs. We can use a stripping knife too; in fact for certain breeds, particularly some of the terriers, we must have one. While some of the knives used to ready the dog for the show ring are rather expensive, the kind ideally suited to our use on a household pet costs comparatively little and can be bought at almost any pet shop or department store that sells accessories for dogs. It's a razor-like contraption with a convenient wooden handle and contains under a protecting guard a removable blade. Extra blades are provided and when these become dull new blades can be bought where you



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

purchased the knife or almost anywhere that razors are sold. The price of this tool is \$1.50. In connection with this it will help a lot—if the dog conforms to one of the standard breeds—to get a stripping chart. This is an inexpensive diagram that shows step by step how to trim Towser's coat and is really invaluable if you want to give him that well-tailored look.

If you have the time and mean business in this matter of grooming, it will be to your advantage to visit a dog show or two. There you'll see the various breeds at their best, among which may be the kind of dog that you have, or if yours is a mixed breed you'll very likely see dogs that generally resemble yours. These will at least give you some standard to follow. But if show going is out of the question, the stripping chart is a good guide and a necessary one whether you attend a show or not. Helpful too, is to get a few pictures of the breed (or approximating it) that you have. You'll find these almost anywhere in newspapers or magazines and when you take time out to groom your dog it will assist you to pin these up in front of you to consult from time to time. A couple of pieces of sandpaper—for the short coated dog—and you have all that you need to make your dog a Beau Brummel to his lady friends.

Now that you are equipped, suppose we go to work. This business of trimming had best be done each time at the beginning of his shedding period which for some dogs is twice a year, for others only once annually and for still others is a process that takes place throughout the year. For the latter, you can begin the trimming at any time.

If he's a fairly small dog, stand him on a table, otherwise the constant stooping over may give you a crick in the back that will make the one that Grandpa has seem like a mere growing-pain. For the larger dog use a box and for dreadnaughts of Great Dane or similar size then the floor's the only place. Better spread a few newspapers around to catch the combings and trimmings. We tried trimming one of our dogs once without this precaution and the lady of the house was very unkind about it.

As there are some 107 officially recognized breeds of pure-bred dogs, it would require all the pages in this Magazine to deal in detail with the grooming of each, but by far the majority of them are seldom found in the average home, hence we will confine this thesis to those that are most popular.

Let's begin with the rough-coated dogs of terrier type, as these perhaps require more frequent attention than asked for by other breeds.

With your stripping knife in hand start at the dog's shoulders, working toward the rear quarters with a short, swift turn of the wrist each time you cut the hair. Actually it is a combined cutting, pulling method,

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and this explains why we use the knife and not scissors. You see, if we depended upon scissoring, this would still leave dead hairs in the coat. The cutting, pulling motion of the knife removes such hair.

Take off only a little at a time and work slowly, stopping every so often to consult chart and pictures and compare your results with these. Take a rest once in a while—both you and the dog will need it.

Always trim with the lay of the coat, never against it, but before each cutting stroke run your free hand, fingers extended, against the lay to make the hair stand out for easier cutting. This also helps show you just how much to trim. Try to follow body lines as much as possible, moulding the coat to the contours. For the foxterrier the top and sides of the skull as well as cheeks and ears are trimmed very closely. Remove shaggy hair inside the ears with your blunt-pointed scissors. Fairly heavy eyebrows are left on and whiskers only slightly trimmed to avoid shagginess. Comb out the hair on the front legs and only trim that which appears unduly ragged. Do likewise on chest and stomach. Eyebrows, whiskers and hair on front legs should be combed forward against the lay, first with the coarse part of your comb and then with the fine-toothed half.

Professionals and skilled amateurs when trimming leash the dog and fasten one end of the leash overhead, thus keeping the dog's head up at all times.

If your dog is inclined to resent the barbering you'd best put a muzzle on him. After all, it would hardly be fair to hit him if he tries to bite, bearing in mind that the use of the trimming knife isn't the gentle scissoring given to your head at the hands of the barber.

For airedales, Welsh and Irish terriers you can pretty well follow these general hints.

Dogs of medium-length coats such as the German shepherds (people will call them police dogs) are only trimmed where the hair becomes too shaggy.

Short-coated dogs such as Boston terriers, bullterriers and others of like coat need practically no trimming at all other than a slight going over to remove any straggling hairs around face, feet, legs and tail. Usually, all that is required to do this is a brisk but not rough rubbing with sandpaper (you wondered why we mentioned sandpaper earlier, didn't you?) to smooth down any shagginess.

The hair on pomeranians, chow chows, samoyede, spitz, collies and those dogs that wear fluffed-out ruffs around their necks or other parts of their bodies, should be brushed against the lay. Any straggling hair inside and on top of the collie's ears should be trimmed evenly.

Long-coated dogs are generally trimmed lightly around neck, under ears, on back of hind legs (below hock, or second joint). Shaggy hair on the underparts of the ears is to be cleaned out; hips and shoulders are also trimmed to conform to the underlying contours of those parts.

For the perennially popular cocker spaniel we rely entirely upon our scissors, cutting surplus hair off the tops of his ears and working closely from that part of his head across his skull and down along his cheeks to about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in the direction of his nose. As the ears on this chap should lie close to his head we'll clean out the hair on the insides where they are attached to his skull. The show cocker as well as certain of the short-haired breeds have the

feeler whiskers on their muzzles cut close, but for your house-pet this is entirely optional and he isn't going to look much the worse if you decide to let his whiskers alone. When working on the cocker's head the hair is cut in such a way as to increase the square shape of the muzzle. Cut fairly close along the top of the muzzle and underneath the jaws reaching down to the chest. Shoulder hair is also cut to get a sloping effect. All extremely straggly hair on feet and body is to be trimmed evenly.

All dogs are the better for a daily brushing and the rough- and long-coated kinds should be combed as well. This should be done at least three times a week; daily is better. It only takes a few minutes but the result will be a better looking dog; besides, if you make this a regular practice, in the long run you'll save yourself a lot of time that you'd have to spend in going over. When attending to this part of his grooming stand him on a few sheets of newspaper to catch the combings.

Sleek-coated dogs such as setters, pointers and in fact all but the wire-haired kinds will fairly glisten if a few drops of olive oil or glycerine are sprinkled on the brush.

A necessary part of grooming is attending to the dog's toenails which occasionally may need clipping, but in this, unless you are pretty well experienced, we advise that if and when it becomes necessary, you have this done by a veterinarian. It's a task that if unskillfully performed can not only become excruciatingly painful to the dog but may result in a serious loss of blood. Especially is this true for dogs with dark nails as it is difficult to see where the sensitive "quick" of the nail begins. If this quick is cut then there will be pain and bleeding for your dog.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

### Mich. N. Cent. District Elks Hold Round-Up at Saginaw

More than 350 members of the Saginaw Valley lodges attended the First Annual North Central District Spring Round-Up, held in the spacious home of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47. Midland, Alma, Mt. Pleasant, Saginaw and Big Rapids Lodges participated in the program, which was sponsored by P.E.R. Leo N. Dine, Vice-Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn. for the District. Members and visiting Elks were promised "an important lodge meeting, an abundance of food, a lot of good fellowship and sociability, a little foolishness and a frolicsome finish", and everything went off according to schedule.

The degree work was performed expertly by a team selected from the five lodges, all of which presented candidates for initiation. E.R. William E. Moore, of Saginaw Lodge, acted as Exalted Ruler. State Pres. John Olsen, of Muskegon Lodge, was the guest speaker, and short talks were made by Past State Pres. John S. Wilson, Jr., Lansing, State Vice-Pres. Hugh Hartley, Owosso, and

P.D.D. Charles L. Stebbins, Lansing. "Thanatopsis", with novel lighting and sound effects, was given by State Secy. Joseph M. Leonard, of Saginaw, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

### Distinguished Elks Officiate In Ceremonies at Bangor, Me., Lodge

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, of Portland Lodge No. 188, accompanied by a large suite, was an honored guest at a recent meeting of Bangor, Me., Lodge, No. 244. Mr. Ayer gave a radio address on Americanism before the lodge session. E.R. and Mrs. J. E. Mulvaney entertained a number of distinguished visiting Elks at dinner, among those present being H. F. Staples of Gardiner and Walter S. Spaulding, Jr., of Portland, D.D.'s for Maine East and West respectively; Past State Pres. Fred L. Sylvester and P.D.D. Dr. L. Kenneth Green of Lewiston, Me., Lodge; Past State Pres. C. Dwight Stevens, Portland, and Mr. Ayer.

The officers of two Maine lodges, Bangor, the host lodge, and Waterville

No. 905, were installed by Mr. Ayer with the assistance of the District Deputies, a large number of other prominent Elks who were in attendance, and the State Championship Ritualistic Team of Rumford, Me., Lodge, No. 862, which initiated a class of candidates that evening. Supper, entertainment and speaking followed the meeting.

### Bowling Interest Is Revived At Raton, N. M., Lodge

Due to a hearty revival of bowling interest among the members of Raton, N. M., Lodge, No. 865, the bowling alleys in the lodge home have been refinished and the balls rebuilt and placed in shape for heavy use. Tuesday nights are set aside for the Elks' ladies, who are rapidly becoming experts on the alleys and about the pool table which has been placed at their disposal.

The new Raton officers are planning a full year of lodge activities. A series of dances and a program of diversified entertainment are on the Elks' social calendar.

(Continued on page 55)

# Road AND Gun



by Ray Trullinger

**Ole Man Trullinger has us going in circles this time from the coast of New York to the sunny shores of California.**

THIS month's advice to the fish-lorn is for the benefit of angling Brother Bills who are plotting a summer jaunt to San Francisco's Treasure Island, or to New York's World's Fair, better known as Grover Whalen's Flushing Meadows Follies. We hasten to assure you there's fishing to be enjoyed whether you travel east or west, so stow some angling gear in the rumble and cut yourself a piscatorial dividend along the round-trip trail.

Let's suppose you answer mess call in Sioux City and are cherishing a yen to see the Trylon and Perisphere at first hand, not to mention Billy Rose's natatorial Naiades at

the Aquacade. Now, the smart thing to do in that case—assuming time and purse permit—is to steer a northerly course to the Great Lakes and then cut eastward, preferably on the Canadian side of the line. This will take you out of your way, granted, but you'll be traveling a smallmouth bass, musky and trout route which will compensate for additional mileage.

Once arrived on the Atlantic Coast you'll get your angling thrills on Neptune's ocean—a lot of it almost within sight of the aforementioned Trylon. For New York's metropolitan area offers unusually good salt water fishing from late June until middle September—fishing thrills that will establish you as the town's most distinguished liar when you relate your experiences back home.

Aside from smaller salt water varieties, including weakfish, porgies,

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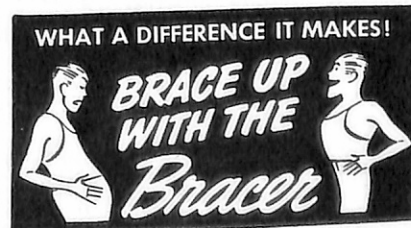
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sea bass, blackfish, mackerel, fluke and the like, which can be caught by the sackful and at little expense, visiting anglers also can tussle with larger and harder fighting oceanic bruisers, including bluefish, striped bass, tuna weighing from 40 to 400 pounds and even more, white marlin, bonitos, sharks, dolphin and, in rarer instances, broadbill swordfish.

All this fishing is on tap along the Long Island coast—some of it within an hour's drive of the Fair. From the visiting angler's point of view Grover couldn't have picked a better spot for his extravaganza with a divining rod.

If you hanker to horse around with one of those big tunas you've been hearing about, a score of topflight big fish guides, operating out of Freeport, L. I., will be happy to gratify your ambition. As a matter of fact you can leave Mom, Aunt Minnie and the kids standing in line before the General Motors exhibit, whip over to Freeport for a day of offshore tuna tussling, and get back to your folks in time to escort them through the G. M. display.

SOME of the largest tuna taken along the Atlantic Coast annually are caught in New York's marine front yard—fish weighing up to 700 pounds. These terrific fighters are taken via the chumming method, namely, by grinding oily, herring-like fish known as mossbunkers in a hamburger mill, and tossing the resulting evil-smelling hash overboard from an anchored charter cruiser.

This "chum" drifts back with the tide and attracts tuna, bluefish and sharks, which follow the drifting chum right up to the anchored boat and waiting angler. The next move, of course, is to toss overboard a hook-stuffed mossbunker or a hairnet loaded with chum, in which a hook is concealed. When a large tuna or shark takes hold, the boat's motor is started, the buoyed anchor line is cast off and the war is on. It might end eight minutes or six hours later, depending on the size of the fish and how the finned battler is hooked. There is a record of one foul-hooked giant tuna, caught off Nova Scotia several seasons ago, which fought four anglers, working in relays, for over 60 hours before succumbing.

Smaller fish of the same species, weighing from 15 to 100 pounds, are trolled for all along the Long Island and nearby Jersey coasts during July, August and September and heavy catches are the rule rather than exception. Both the offshore chumming and trolling games are on the expensive side, boat charter rates averaging around \$30 per day. However, when two or more fishermen split expenses the family roll isn't seriously dented. Four anglers can troll from these admirably equipped boats in comfort and you needn't worry about having necessary tackle, as the boats supply this gear. And most of them have ship-to-shore

phones, which permit you to call Uncle Lem back in Peoria the minute you've boated your first Atlantic Ocean prize.

Freeport is only one of a dozen large angling resorts catering to salt water fishermen in the New York metropolitan area. New Suffolk and Canoe Place are jumping-off places for Peconic Bay fishing; the Sheepshead Bay fishing fleet, right at New York's doorstep, daily carries thousands of anglers to oceanic hot spots from eastern Long Island to Atlantic City at an average cost of \$2, and Bay Shore, Babylon and Montauk Point are others which attract large numbers of bay and offshore Waltons.

Nearby Jersey also is liberally dotted with fishing resorts, including Brielle, Forked River, Barnegat, Beach Haven and Atlantic City, where visiting rod and reelers may hire anything from a rowboat at \$1 per day or less for bay fishing, to the aforementioned, up-to-the-minute offshore fishing cruiser for the more strenuous — and expensive — blue water game.

If you're looking for red-hot marlin fishing, Ocean City, Maryland, is the spot. You can get there from New York City in about six hours and unless you've been leading a particularly evil life it's almost impossible not to catch at least a brace of these spectacular leapers in a day's fishing. Boat rates at Ocean City are slightly less than New York's, accommodations are excellent and the sea food marvelous.

Your correspondent regrets to report that fresh water fishing around New York City is something you can pass up. Things pick up a bit up-state in the Adirondacks, but you won't hit anything really worthwhile until counties bordering the St. Lawrence River are reached. There, my innocents, you'll encounter some luscious smallmouth bass, pike and walleye fishing.

If the Far West beckons and those G-stringed cuties at the 'Frisco Fair seem a bit more alluring than Billy Rose's sylphs, by all means route your trip via Yellowstone National Park. There's right good, though slightly congested trout fishing in that region which will afford a warm-up for better things to come. Rivers that are convenient to traveling anglers include the Lewis, Yellowstone, Gibbon, Firehole, Madison, Lamar, Gallatin and Soda Butte. Plus a lot of smaller creeks. Plus lake fishing. In fact, you could spend the whole blinkin' summer trouting the Yellowstone region and not even scratch the surface. Fish in the Yellowstone area include native cutthroats and rainbows, in addition to introduced species such as browns, brookies and lakereels. Suggestion: Park Rangers are the lads to button-hole for the last-minute fishing dope in this area. And will you please do your stuff with a fly?

Now, on through Montana on U. S. No. 10 and across the Idaho Panhandle. This is all trout fishing country and the scenery will knock your eye out. I could tell you about a little fishing trip on the St. Joe River, near Avery, Ida., a long while ago, but I'd prefer not to splatter this copy with tears. Brother, them was the days!

From Idaho the trek is straight across Washington to Seattle, where B.P.O.E.'s fish twelve months out of every year, the lucky bums. How many good trout creeks and salmon rivers there are in Washington your reporter is unprepared to state. Suffice it to say that if you began making the rounds this summer and kept at it for the next ten years, you'd still have considerable water to cover. In addition to creek and river fishing, there also is trolling and strip-casting for Chinook and silver salmon in Puget Sound. And if you crave to mess around with piddlin' stuff like bass, crappies and suchlike, all you need do is drive over the hill to Lake Washington, in Seattle's backyard, rent a boat and start casting. There used to be some fine bass water near the U. of W. crewhouse and grand salmon trolling off Alki Point. Point No Point, a few miles up the Sound, was a strip-casting hot spot and there's no reason to suppose it won't be this summer. Salmon galore!

Before heading south, take a whirl around the Olympic Peninsula. You'll cross heaven only knows how many good fishin' rivers and creeks, and you'll also skirt Lake Crescent where you can fish for lakereels. Go down the coast through Aberdeen and Raymond and cross the Columbia River to Astoria, which will be the beginning of another 400-odd mile angling trail.

At Astoria you can rent a power boat and troll for Chinook salmon or stoke up with a mess of razor clams, broiled fresh Chinook salmon or sea crabs. It's our recommendation that you shoot the works on all four counts. From Astoria hit down U. S. 101 to the California line and you'll cross some of the best fishing water on the West Coast, including the Nehalem, Trask, Wilson, Siletz, Siuslaw, Umpqua, Coos, Coquille and Rogue, not to mention scores of smaller creeks.

THESE rivers and their tributaries are loaded with Chinook and silver salmon, sea-run cutthroat trout and smaller mountain cutthroats during summer months, and the fishing gets better as the season lengthens. The Chinooks are in these coastal streams by July Fourth and the silvers start running in middle August. Trout move in from salt water in recurring runs all season. Late in the summer there's steelhead fishing in the Rogue and Umpqua, with the best of it coming, unfortunately, in the late fall and winter in all streams.

Aside from the strip-casting game in the Puget Sound region, most sal-

mon fishing in Oregon and Washington is via the trolling method, and your plug casting rod will serve excellently. The lure is usually a spinning brass spoon, decorated with red feathers, although on Puget Sound a four- to six-inch wobbler is what gets the fish.

The trout fishing is, of course, with conventional gear, and flies, bait and spinners are used, depending on conditions and the stream fished. Generally speaking, inland rivers such as Oregon's Deschutes—a swell rainbow stream, incidentally, but a heller to fish—produce best with flies. Coastal rivers usually are fished with bait and spinners, except during certain periods of the season when the water is clear and reasonably low.

Convenient, comfortable and inex-

pensive little fishing camps will be found all along the Washington and Oregon coasts and the gents who run such places know the hows, whens and wheres on their respective rivers. Frequently the hard-to-reach smaller tributaries of these larger coastal streams afford the finest kind of trouting, provided the traveler is willing to make little side trips via shank's mare. Even in this rather thinly inhabited country west of the Coast Range the best fishing often is found on the other side of the mountains. And you can't get to such places in a car. However, the Pacific Ocean replenishes all West Coast rivers with unfailing regularity, which explains why the whole region is one of the most fishin' sections of the United States.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 52)

### Waycross, Ga., Lodge Honors The Memory of a Loyal Member

In the honor of the memory of the late Charles E. Phillips, Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, has voted to dedicate a room at Ware County Hospital as a tribute to the steadfast loyalty with which he served the lodge during his long membership. Mr. Phillips was especially active in charitable and humanitarian work.

### Albany, N. Y., Lodge Honors Local Baseball Team

Manager George "Specs" Toporcer, former big league player, and members of the 1940 Albany Baseball Team, were entertained recently by Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49. Albany's number one fan, Mayor John Boyd Thacher, greeted the players and wished them every success for the coming year. Leo Bolley, well known sports commentator, was the principal speaker, and E. R. M. Michel Dobris was Toastmaster.

Peter A. Buchheim, of Albany Lodge, a Trustee of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., Johnny Evers of the famous Tinker to Evers to Chance fame, City Clerk Frank V. Hogan and Charles Young, sports writer of the Gannett newspaper chain, were among the prominent Elks present. About 600 attended.

### Lakeview, Ore., Lodge Gives Flag to Local High School

In an impressive patriotic ceremony held in the local high school auditorium recently, Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, presented a large silk American Flag to the school. The presentation was made by Frank P. Light and Fred Reynolds, P.E.R.s of Lakeview Lodge.

### Iron Mountain, Mich., Elks Win U.P. Bowling Title

The concluding weekend of competition in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan Elks Bowling Tournament failed to shake the lead held by the quintet from Iron Mountain Lodge No. 700. The event ended after 19 teams, the largest number registered in any of the annual tournaments, had participated.

The Iron Mountain Elks took top honors in the team event with a count of 2,863. Manistique was second, Ishpeming

third. Lawrence Peickert and H. O. Williams of Marquette won the doubles title with 1,250. Ed Wanek, Ishpeming, hit 662 for the singles championship. H. O. Williams, with a count of 1,789, was the all-event winner. Iron Mountain Lodge sent its championship team to Fort Wayne, Ind., for participation in the Elks National Bowling Tournament.

### Cumberland, Md., Elks Give A Benefit Supper Dance

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, held its annual formal ball for the benefit of the Allegany County League for Crippled Children on Easter Monday. The lodge home was artistically decorated and a well known orchestra was engaged for the occasion. A capacity crowd attended. Promptly at eleven o'clock, the lights were lowered and the Toast was given in an impressive manner by E. R. Edgar A. Dashiell.

Entertainment included a floor show and supper was served at midnight. That the affair was a success is attested by the fact that a net profit of \$750 was realized and turned over to the Crippled Children's League.

### Collection of Dues No Problem To Eugene, Ore., Lodge

With justifiable pride, Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, calls attention to the fine spirit of cooperation which prevails within its membership. Prompt and cheerful payment of dues is essential to the well-being of any lodge, and in this respect the Eugene membership sets a fine example.

The By-Laws of Eugene Lodge limit the membership to 1,100. At the end of the lodge year, all but 31 of the 1,097 members on the rolls were paid up to April 1, 1940, and no member was in arrears for more than six months. The sum of \$15,013 was collected during the 12-month period out of a possible \$15,262. In addition 470 members had paid their dues on the new period in advance.

### Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Ends Its Most Successful Year

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, brought to a close, on April 1, one of the most successful years in its history.

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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Under E.R. Roy C. Heinlein, an all-time high in membership was reached through an increase of nearly 100 during the term, and a record established for the amount of charitable work performed. Visitations were made to Parkersburg, Wheeling and Moundsville, W. Va., and Bellaire and Marietta, O., Lodges. All the visits were returned.

Some time back, Sistersville Lodge voted an award of two cash scholarships, to be presented to the outstanding boy and girl in this year's graduating class of the local High School. An Americanism essay contest was also sponsored in both the High and the Junior High, and cash awards made to the winners.

### **Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Holds Special "Homecoming Day"**

More than 200 members were on hand to enjoy the "Past Exalted Rulers and Old Timers Special Homecoming Day", put on with great success by Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356. Everything was stag until 7 P.M., when the ladies were invited to join the party.

The lodge session, which preceded the "Good-Fellowship Dinner", was short so that the Old Timers could visit with each other and exchange reminiscences. Special honors were shown those members who were initiated during the lodge year. In keeping with its policy of giving the members the best entertainment obtainable, the lodge placed the amusement part of the program in good hands. Star performers from a leading night club in Pittsburgh furnished high class but hilarious entertainment during the dinner and throughout the evening as well.

### **Catskill, N. Y., Lodge Awards a Scholarship Assistance Loan**

All of the high schools in Greene County, New York State, were notified some time ago that a Scholarship Assistance Loan of \$100 a year for the next four years had been made available to one boy or girl graduate by Catskill Lodge No. 1341. It was stated that the purpose of the award was to assist the recipient in the continuation of his or her schooling in an institution of higher education, and that nursing as a profession for girls was regarded as an eligible course. The rules stipulated that every student who desired to be considered for the award be a resident of Greene County and a member of the graduating class of a high school of the county; that the parents be American citizens; that there be a definite need of financial assistance, and that application be made by letter only, and not later than May, 1940, to Bert Hayes, Chairman of the Elks Welfare Committee of Catskill Lodge.

Candidates for the award were judged by their letters, and those selected by the Committee were given personal interviews. No discrimination was made as to race, creed or color.

### **E. A. Roberts, Charter Member of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, Dies**

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, mourns the passing of one of its four remaining charter members, E. A. Roberts, who died on March 29 after a long illness. Mr. Roberts was born in Melbourne, Australia. He was only twelve years old when his father, traveling on an ox train, brought the family into the rich frontier area which

is now Yavapai County. He later became a cowpuncher, and during his long residence in Prescott followed other pursuits from time to time, having been Deputy Sheriff and City Street Foreman.

As a pioneer of the section, Mr. Roberts often recalled that first journey into the wilderness. Arriving at Stoneman's Lake in northern Arizona, members of the party found the lifeless body of a mail carrier who had passed them on horseback that morning. He had been scalped and killed by marauding Indians.

### **Cambridge, Md., Elks Present a Tablet to Easton, Md., Lodge**

At a regular meeting of Easton, Md., Lodge, No. 1622, many visiting Elks were present. The attendance was so large that the capacity of the lodge room was taxed to capacity. Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272, was represented by a large delegation headed by E.R. Hubert H. Wright, who presented Easton Lodge with a beautiful memorial tablet in memory of Easton Elks who died while holding membership in Cambridge Lodge. Acceptance was made by E.R. L. Roy Willis, Sr. A single inscription, "H. Dexter Sewell", recalls the passing of a popular young Elk, a charter member of Easton Lodge and its secretary at the time of his death. On a silver mounting at the lower part of the tablet are engraved the names of several departed members.

At the meeting, all of the elective officers were reelected to their respective offices. The procedure is unusual, but in the case of Easton Lodge, just rounding out its first year as a lodge of the Order, it indicates a unanimity in the organization which accounts for its fine record of achievement, which has won general recognition.

### **San Diego, Calif., Elks Enjoy A Tuna Fish Dinner**

About 175 members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, attended a complimentary fish feed recently, occasioned by the gift to the lodge of a 200 pound tuna by one of the members, Joe St. Laurent, a deep sea fisherman. E.R. Clifford S. Maher reports the huge tuna as being typical of the fish caught in the waters of the Pacific near the San Diego area where deep sea fishing is rapidly becoming an important industry.

The dinner preceded the regular lodge meeting. Pete and Maurice Barnardini, members of No. 168, acted as official chefs.

### **Boise and Nampa, Ida., Elks Exchange Visits**

Boise, Ida., Elks and their Pep Band were royally entertained when they paid a visit recently to Nampa, Ida., Lodge, No. 1389. Festivities started with an Elks' parade followed by a concert given by the Band in front of the lodge home under huge flood lights mounted for the occasion. A lavish supper was served by the host lodge. The invitation extended by E.R. Robert S. Overstreet, of Boise Lodge No. 310, to Nampa Elks and their ladies to attend an informal dance the next evening, as guests of the newly elected Boise officers, was accepted with enthusiasm. The party was arranged at once, carried out with great success, and concluded with a midnight luncheon served at a smorgasbord.

Boise Lodge's Pep Band makes fre-

quent visits to other lodges. It also visits surrounding towns where members of various lodges reside but have not the opportunity to meet with their fellow Elks.

### **The Elks Golf League Of Southern California**

The 1940 season of the Southern California Elks Golf League got off to a good start with team play commencing in the early Spring. The 12 teams entered this year have been divided into two divisions of six each. Home and home matches are played on the individual player's point basis at handicap in order to permit players in the higher handicap brackets to participate. Burt Brooks, of Inglewood Lodge No. 1492, is President of the League.

California's youngest Elks lodge, Lancaster No. 1625, entered a team which won over Inglewood in its very first match. The Lancaster Elks removed the sting of defeat by entertaining the Inglewood golfers at a thoroughly satisfying barbecue. The golf activities of the lodges intrigued the press from the beginning and the League is receiving good publicity in all of the southern California newspapers.

### **Visiting Elks Initiate Class For Uhrichsville, O., Lodge**

Officers of the Ohio State Elks Association, assisted by D.D. V. E. Berg, of New Philadelphia, O., initiated a class of 12 candidates for Uhrichsville, O., Lodge, No. 424, on April 5, and installed the new officers, headed by E.R. L. P. Young, State Pres. C. A. Lais and the District Deputy addressed the more than 300 Elks in attendance, including visitors from many sister lodges.

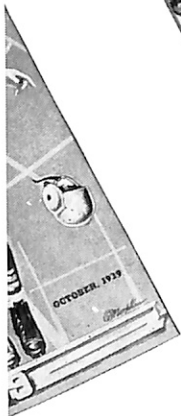
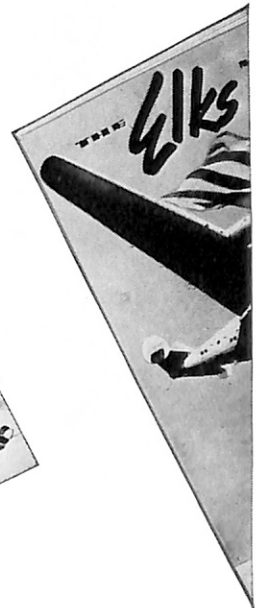
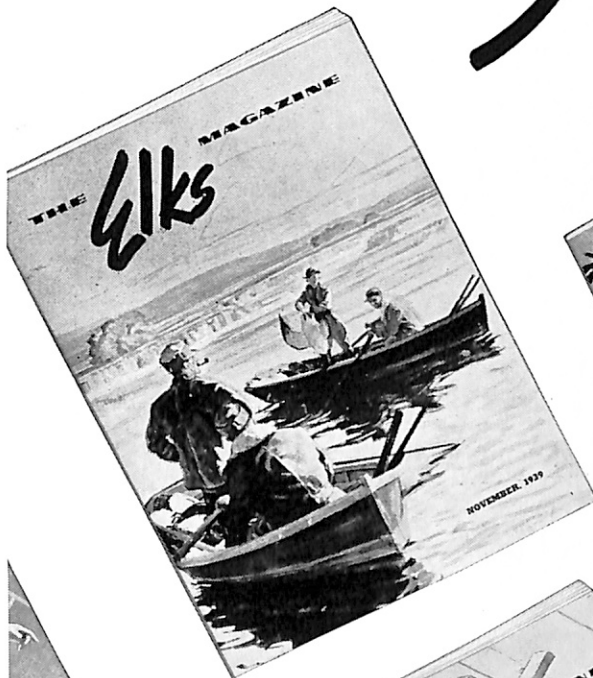
Prior to the lodge meeting the State officers were honored at a dinner at which speech-making was limited to brief introductions. A surprise feature was the unannounced arrival of the New Philadelphia Elks Band which gave an enjoyable concert at the Buckeye Hotel where the banquet was held, and later escorted the guests of honor to the lodge home. A social session and a fish fry followed the meeting.

### **State Pres. Elmer Maze Visits Rancho Los Amigos, California**

Elmer B. Maze, of Merced Lodge, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Association, in making his visitations to the lodges of the South and the South Central Districts of the State, has visited each lodge separately. No joint meetings have been held.

An outstanding meeting was held on April 23 for Elks and the patients who are residents of the Rancho Los Amigos in Los Angeles County. Approximately 1,400 people attended. The address on Americanism and the Order, delivered by Mr. Maze, left an indelible impression on his listeners. Monte Blue, of motion picture fame, who is a member of Santa Monica Lodge, acted as Master of Ceremonies. E.R. Roy McDiarmid was accompanied by the band and the glee club of Santa Monica Lodge, and entertainment was provided through the Exalted Ruler of Huntington Park Lodge, P.E.R. John W. Condon, Huntington Park, was Chairman for the evening. While in the vicinity Mr. Maze and other members of the party enjoyed a cruise over Newport Bay and to Catalina Island on the motor cruiser *Patsy Lou*.

# Design for Selling



Like any successful publication, The Elks Magazine's design for selling begins with its covers. They are bright, inviting, lively. As potent with stopping power as top-flight illustrators can make them. And their effectiveness is fully matched by the wide-awake editorial job of the magazine itself.

And there is impressive statistical evidence that this particular design

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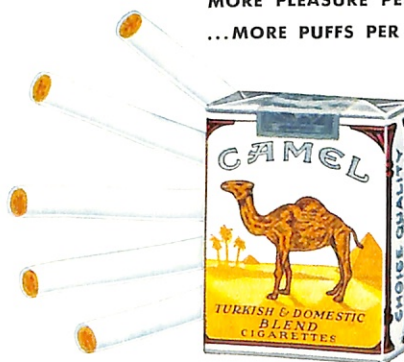
TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY  
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